Introduction: What This Book Can Do For You

Congratulations—you've just opened a book which can change your life.

You are holding a Grimoire in your hands.

WHAT IS A GRIMOIRE?

A Grimoire is the handbook of a worker of Magic, one who commands Cosmic Beings to fulfil his demands in mystic, unseen ways.

Grimoires exist which were written centuries ago. In museums and private collections, you can find these handwritten books, personally created by dedicated, painstaking seekers after Magical knowledge and achievement.

Some took decades to put together, and each Grimoire varies in authenticity, accuracy and power, depending on the Magical status of the writer.

Some Grimoires were written by amateurs on the Mystic Path and are filled with confusion and fable. Others are genuine magical documents packed from cover to cover with explosive, ultimately powerful Spells and Rituals which can work Miracles for the user.

This is an authentic Grimoire. It is the ultimate condensation of arcane knowledge; knowledge accumulated in more than 35 years of research into the occult as I have worked my way up to become one of the Regents of the Fraternal Order whose teachings form a major part of this Grimoire.

Having condensed the data and selected the most superior Spells and Rituals, I have set them down in a logical, simple manner so that anyone can apply them to become, as I have, supremely rich, contented and powerful.

Swept aside are the confusions and disorder of earlier Grimoires: you will find none of the false gewgaws of the fumbling beginner mystic, such as eye of newt, wing of bat, graveyard dust, pacts with Satan and such futile and droll humbug. Here you have the bare bones of

Magic, the true basic elements which work, efficiently and magnificently.

You can use them yourself. Follow the simple sequences of preparation and action, and you become the equal of any ancient Magic Worker who ever called on a Cosmic Being. And you shall see the identical results raining down on you in a veritable deluge of good fortune—money, health, love, power, fly to you irresistibly, as a needle is pulled to a magnet.

PACTS WITH THE DEVIL? NOT HERE!

Before we go further together, let me dispel a misconception.

The concept of the Devil is a relatively modern invention. When Magic was at its height, no one had even named His Satanic Majesty.

Yet over the centuries, a myth has grown up that in order to work Magic, you must use the Devil's powers or sign a pact with him.

You should pardon the expression, but poppycock! We're intent on doing ourselves some good, so naturally we call on benevolent Beings.

Let me assure you at the outset that every Cosmic Being named between these covers is good, obliging and has had His pedigree thoroughly checked out. Every Word of Power and every Angelic Name is associated with Holy and Blessed Writings from centuries in the dim and distant past.

WHY ARE SOME PEOPLE LUCKY AND OTHERS UNLUCKY?

What is it which brings you good luck? What makes one person a millionaire, luxuriating among the good things of life, while many others wallow up to their ears in debt, in poverty and misery? Why is it that some people find a partner who fulfills their every desire, while so many others are sad and friendless, unable to harmonize with their fellows?

COINCIDENCE OR MAGIC?

If you investigate the lives of successful people you'll find coincidence operating: the coincidence of being born into a wealthy family;

the coincidence of being in the right place at the right time; the coincidence of buying the right lottery ticket among thousands of losers . . . a thousand and one lucky happenings seem to surround the fortunate people of this earth.

But you'll also note that many successful people *stay* successful—not one lucky break comes their way, but hundreds of lucky breaks, until they are immersed in a golden stream of affluence and happiness.

One lucky break can be coincidence. But a hundred lucky breaks? That's kind of magical, isn't it?

THE WHOLE SECRET OF MAGIC

Now listen: this book can bring you those lucky breaks, those exciting coincidences to change your life.

More than 20 years ago one of the world's greatest psychologists, Carl Gustav Jung, realized that things happen in this world which have no scientific explanations. His Theory of Synchronicity declares that Event A is always followed by Event B, *even though no connection seems to exist between the two events.*

Think about that for a moment, because that's the whole basis of this book—the whole Secret of Magic: ways of performing simple acts which produce results without scientific explanation—but which are designed to bring you whatever you need.

MIRACLES ARE YOURS

Yes, mighty forces around you *can* work miracles. Forces so powerful that man's greatest achievements and powers seem like trifles beside them. Forces which create earthquakes, raise mountains, make lightning, move the ocean tides, swing planets in orbit around flaming suns, and make the stars themselves flare with infinite energy. Energy which is part and parcel of this Universe.

You have the power to harness that awesome energy—to achieve exactly what you wish. The ultimate power is literally at your fingertips, to change your life into any shape you desire—easily, invisibly and automatically.

YOU CAN LEARN TO WORK MAGIC

Beyond the bounds of Science exists an area of creation which is but dimly understood by most people. Scientists admit, cautiously, that such an area may exist, but they have yet to pin it down, measure it and record its existence.

This area is the field of Magic, which you are about to explore.

Over the centuries, a few men and women have found the means to harness the Powers of Magic to bring ecstatic benefits to themselves.

You are about to learn their simple methods and join them.

WHAT DO YOU NEED TO MAKE YOU HAPPY?

Just for a minute, let a parade of delicious thoughts run through your mind.

How would you like to have a sackful of $1,000 bills? To develop ultra-potent sex appeal? To be able to make any person your groveling slave, even against his or her strongest will? To be glowing with health and vitality? To have the world see you as handsome or beautiful, virile and intelligent? To be recognized as a power in your community? To hurl your enemies into a pit of pain and despair? To win lotteries, card games and other gambles whenever you please? To arouse any emotion you wish in another person? To know the innermost secrets of others? To travel invisibly into homes, offices and bedrooms to see and hear all that occurs? To banish bad luck forever and never again suffer a single frustration, setback or catastrophe?

WORKING MAGIC IS EASY

Yes, you can do all that, and more. The outdated idea that Magic can be worked only by talented people is false. Magic is for everyone—especially you. You have the ability to work the same miracles as the legendary Magicians of the past and the Secret Adepts of today, such as those in my Order, who work silently to achieve their desires.

Using Magic is as easy as learning to drive a car and is just as mechanical. The correct gestures, materials and words will work your

Spells and Rituals—and every last thing you need to know is here in this book.

YOUR PERSONAL TALISMAN AND AMULET KIT

Inside the front cover of this book you will find one of the most powerful magical tools ever revealed by the Secret Lords of Flame, the Beings who permitted this book to be written for you.

The Mystic Grimoire Talisman and Amulet Kit contains 17 talismans and amulets which will form an essential link between you and the Cosmic Energy Source which you will be contacting to work your personal miracles.

Secret Key III contains the simple instructions on how to use your Kit as part of your Rituals.

The sigils and symbols in the Kit are packed with occult energy. You will also find identical illustrations in the pages of this book—but note that they are only pictures: they do not have cosmic vibrations impregnated into them. It's the Kit which has the power: the pictures in this book are for your guidance only.

You will be instructed to cut the talismans and amulets from the Kit. Cutting them out of this book instead of from the Kit would be useless and counter productive, because it would prevent the power of this Grimoire from assisting you.

Should you ever mislay your Talisman and Amulet Kit, or if your talismans need replacing, the publisher of this book can supply you with a brand-new replacement Kit for a nominal payment.

TRY MAGIC, AND SEE THE FANTASTIC RESULTS

I strongly advise you to read this book carefully through to the end before starting your Magic-working. Various supremely important instructions occur in the text which need to be observed if you wish to succeed. When you have read and absorbed the contents, you will be ready to start. Dipping in and trying to extract bits of this Grimoire piecemeal is inadvisable if you're serious about wanting to transform your life.

Don't be in too much of a rush. All the instructions are here, simply expressed in step-by-step order. Follow them as directed, and you have the maximum chance of succeeding.

I shall mention this again later in the Grimoire, but please note that you must *not* mutilate, cut, mark, underline or make any additions or deletions to this book. Secret Key III explains why this is so.

I will not bore you with the tedious theory underlying this Magic. I ask only that you try it, and thus see its most important aspect—the startling, stunning results. Results which can bring riches, happiness and love flowing into your life. Results which can expel frustrations, oppositions, poverty and loneliness. You will make others your slaves, drive evil away from you, bring money cascading to you in glittering showers, win any lottery you wish, find glowing health, and transform a life of frustration into one of glorious ecstasy.

How Christine L. Used the Miraculous Gold-Creating Ritual to Become Supremely Rich

Once a year in downtown Philadelphia, the occupants of a squalid, rundown apartment block see a luxurious limousine glide to a halt outside their rat-infested building.

Inside the car a radiant, sumptuously-dressed woman tells her uniformed chauffeur to wait while she steps out on to the crumbling sidewalk. She smiles up at the dirty, gray building, and if the sun has managed to pierce the gloom of the surrounding factories and skyscrapers, diamonds and jewels glitter and flash from her smooth throat, her perfectly-coiffured hair and soft hands and arms.

That woman is Christine L., and she once lived in a tiny room at the top of that dark, sad building.

"I was raised in there with my sister," she related. "My father, an alcoholic, rarely worked, and when he did he naturally spent the money on liquor. I used to dread coming home from school to the evil smells of that place, to toil up three flights of stairs, cold, shivering and weary, to find my father unconscious and reeking on the living room floor. My mother was rarely at home—she worked all the hours God made in a clothes factory down the road.

"As I grew up, I swore I would get out of there to find riches, peace and happiness . . . but Fate always seemed to be against me."

Christine was forced to leave school in the 8th Grade so that she could join her mother at work. The long hours had taken their toll on her mother's health, so by turning both their lives into a regular round of labor, misery and exhaustion, they managed to keep a roof over their heads.

On one of her rare free days, Christine was walking through a local flea-market, looking for a cheap coat to cover her threadbare dress which was no longer capable of keeping out the winter chill. As she wearily held up a drab black jacket, she noticed a folded paper in the pocket.

"I'll never know who left it there or why I was blessed by finding it," she said. "It was a hand-written document, explaining how to work a 'Miraculous Gold-Creating Ritual.'

"I thought it might be worth a cent or two as a souvenir. I slipped the paper into my pocket and left the store, deciding I'd better buy a little food with my few remaining pennies. I just prayed that the weather would not get colder so I could postpone buying a coat until later."

When Christine arrived home she read the Ritual. She thought it was rubbish, but simply because she was desperate and willing to try anything to change her way of life, she carried out the instructions as well as she could.

"I didn't expect anything to happen," she said. "I suppose I only did it to relieve the monotony—but at that time I didn't know about the miraculous powers of Magic."

Almost 10 minutes after Christine ended the Ritual, a Welfare worker knocked on the door.

"She was contacting needy families in our area," Christine explained. "We were eligible for a $500 share of an anonymous donation they had received."

Yet that was only the beginning of a flood of good luck and prosperity for Christine. Next day, while she was shopping for a new coat, she found a lottery ticket in the street. That evening the lottery was drawn, and Christine found herself being feted as winner of the big prize—$150,000 in crisp bills.

There was no looking back now. Everything Christine touched turned to gold.

"I invested some of the cash in a mail-order business," she said. "It boomed, and I sold out a few months later for just a fraction under a million dollars."

Today, Christine has a sumptuous home, all the luxuries she had missed for so long; and the money just keeps rolling in.

"Vacations in the sun at exclusive resorts, my own private plane, a swimming pool, a yacht, servants—I never have to lift a finger anymore," she said. "I lack for nothing now. Mom, Dad and Sis? They're with me, of course—and Dad's O.K. now.

"That broken-down walk-up is just like a bad dream now. That's why I go and look at it every year, just to remember how it was before I worked the Miraculous Gold-Creating Ritual."

That Ritual is in this book, for you to use just as Christine did.

THE MIRACLES OF MAGIC DEFY LOGIC—PERFORM THEM AND REVEL IN THE RESULTS

As you travel this path of Magic you will be asked to do apparently illogical things. Remember at all times that scientific logic forms little part of the Miracles of Magic—in fact, Magic is beyond logic as science knows it, which is exactly why the actions, words and thoughts we use produce results which *seem*—to the scientific observer—to bear little relation to the method.

But once you have performed a Spell or Ritual and seen the miraculous results, you will be above any criticism. You will *know* that a certain Spell or Ritual produces a certain result: you will have seen it happen to you, and no amount of scientific debunking from others who have yet to understand can affect your knowledge or belief.

And you will have the joy of knowing that if your critics should become too vocal or too pressing, you can vanquish them with a Spell or Ritual, leaving them gasping, hurt and puzzled, not knowing—because they try to logically analyze the situation—exactly what hit them, or how they have suddenly been overcome, struck dumb and hurled into a slimy pit of bad luck and torment.

You can be All Powerful. The Universe is yours to command. What do you want? In the pages of this book you will find out how to get it by Magical means. Read and wonder—but suspend your disbelief in these Miracles until they have worked for you. For that is all I ask: perform these Spells and Rituals, and you shall be happy, rich and victorious.

How Paul B. Applied the Titanic Enemies-Vanquished Ritual to Destroy His Crooked Business Competitors

Let Paul B. tell his story in his own words, as he told them to me a short while ago:

"Times were hard a few years back. I had started a one-man furniture factory in Los Angeles. My plan was to make good quality furniture at fair prices.

"The first year I built up an exclusive clientele in California and the adjacent states, and things looked good. Then business began to drop off.

"My best and most regular customers closed their accounts. New clients became few and far between. When I called potential customers, I got the brush off as soon as I told them who I was. Soon I was on the verge of bankruptcy. I'd mortgaged my small home to the hilt, borrowed every cent I could lay my hands on, and my wife was doing wonders every day with the tiny amount of cash I could spare for food and clothing each month. Yet we still drifted toward total ruin.

"The unpaid bills began to pile up and soon the collection agencies began to call, first by phone and then in person. They took my car, my office fittings and furniture, my woodworking machines, my stock of timber . . . everything. I was finished, or so I thought.

"My wife's health was going downhill, and the worries were turning me gray. Then through a good friend who was concerned about what was going on, I learned the reason for my losses. Two competitors who also manufactured furniture had sworn to drive me out of business by fair means or foul. They had started by using inferior materials to copy my designs so that they could undercut my prices. When that failed to work quickly enough, they began a whispering campaign, telling possible clients that I used sweated labor—which was ludicrous as I did most of the work myself.

"Then they spread the story that my timber was rejected material which would not last. Finally, they were telling anyone who would listen that I was a draft dodger, a Commie, a drunk, a poor credit risk, a womanizer and any other derogatory term they could think of. Their smear campaign worked.

"I couldn't afford to launch a libel suit, and that was when I turned

to Magic. One of my Oregon clients is a deep believer in the Cosmic Powers, and when he heard of my problems, he suggested I might like to try the Titanic Enemies-Vanquished Ritual.

"It seemed a futile gesture but I tried it. I hoped it might work, but I just wasn't ready for the startling results.

"Within 24 hours, the factory of one of my lying competitors burned to the ground in a four-alarmer which left adjacent premises untouched. He'd been too cheap to take out adequate insurance, and he went under. Three days later he was seriously injured as his car went out of control on a freeway. No-one else was hurt, but he's now in a wheelchair for life.

"My other business enemy began to suffer major setbacks. Checks from his customers began to bounce. He fell ill with a mysterious, wasting disease which the doctors couldn't identify. His hair fell out, and he seemed to age 10 years within a month. Shipments of timber went astray, his machines broke down, his carpenters went on strike, the bank foreclosed on a large loan, and his wife upped and left him for another man.

"I met him one day. He was looking old, exhausted and despairing. In a fit of deep depression, he offered me what was left of his business for a ridiculously low figure. On the strength of the collateral existing on the premises alone, I was able to float a loan, and from the moment I took over his business for myself, everything clicked into gear again.

"Within six months I was thriving. With both competitors out of the way, I picked up all their accounts. Business doubled inside of a year and doubled again the following year. Now I'm one of the leading prestige furniture manufacturers on the West Coast, with all the work I can handle. Money is no problem, and my wife and I are in the lap of luxury.

"Was it the Titanic Enemies-Vanquished Ritual which worked these miracles? I certainly believe it was—and I'll use it again if I ever need to."

YOU CAN SAFELY MODIFY THESE SPELLS AND RITUALS AND GET THE SAME PERFECT RESULTS

As you learn to use these simple Rituals and Spells, you will be asked to do certain things, to use certain easily-found items, to say

certain Words of Power, at particular times and in particular places.

The Spells and Rituals are carefully detailed. All the Secrets of Magic are revealed. Yet if a particular ingredient is unobtainable, or if you perform a Ritual at a time other than the one suggested, you will still see happy results.

The Spells and Rituals described are the ideal actions taken under ideal conditions. Many will work without every last detail being attended to—in fact, some will tell you that although maximum success will be achieved at a certain time, you can confidently perform the Spell or Ritual at any time, if the matter is an urgent one.

Perhaps you might compare a Spell or Ritual to an automobile. A complete Ritual, with all its details carefully performed, is like a finely-tuned car, with new tires, supercharged engine, overhauled brakes, rewired electrical system, free-flow exhausts and all the other extras which ensure it will get from point A to point B with maximum speed and efficiency.

Yet you know that a car will move without all those refinements. Given gas, oil and water, almost any car will roll along the road reasonably well.

So it is with your Spells and Rituals. Apply all the suggested details, and you have the equivalent of a well-tuned car which will quickly and reliably take you where you want to go. Omit a few details of your Spell or Ritual, and it is like driving on partly-worn, but good tires, with a well-worn but still serviceable engine. You will still get to your destination, even if not quite so quickly and efficiently.

So a Spell or Ritual which is worked without every last detail included—for reasons of convenience or urgency—will still work for you. Be sure of that. But, whenever possible, attend to as many details as you can in a Ritual, and thus enhance your certainty of getting what you want as quickly and automatically as you wish.

How Louise F. Broke up a Love Affair and Gained the Man She Wanted, by Working the Shattering Partnership Disruption Spell and the Irresistible Bring-a-Lover Ritual

When I first met Louise F. she was a thin, stoop-shouldered mouse of a woman miserable and frustrated. A permanent frown creased her brow. During consultations and Tarot card readings with her, I discovered that much of her discontent centered around her failure to attract

men. In particular, she nursed an unrequited love for a rich, handsome bachelor who was engaged to a vivacious blonde girl at Louise's place of work.

"He's just what I've always wanted," Louise confided to me. "But I haven't a chance of even having him know I exist—he's only got eyes for that fair-haired fiancee of his."

I offered her hope with Ritual Magic.

"If it can be changed, it will be," I told her. "Carry out the Shattering Partnership Disruption Spell, and let me know what happens."

A week later, Louise returned—a little happier, but not very much.

"It worked," she said. "The day after I worked the Spell, he had a terrible quarrel with his blonde, right there in the office. She threw the ring at him, quit her job and stormed out.

"But he still hasn't looked my way."

I gave her the Irresistible Bring-a-Lover Ritual, telling her to keep in touch. Next time I met her, she was radiantly happy, clinging to the arm of a tall, well-dressed man who followed her every move with loving eyes. He was obviously deeply entranced with her, and that had done wonders for Louise. Her face shone with happiness, she had a new spring in her step, and even her figure seemed to have improved.

"It worked again," she whispered to me while her man was temporarily absent from the room. "Within two days of working the Ritual, he swept me off my feet. We're going to be married next month."

My latest news of Louise at the time of writing this is that she and her husband have set up a luxurious home filled with expensive furniture, and they are about to become proud parents. Their friends are constantly commenting on the way they make such a perfect pair.

Magic or coincidence? Louise knows—but she'll never tell her doting husband how she managed to break up his engagement and light a fire of love in his heart which will never die down.

THE FORCES YOU USE ARE BENEVOLENT, NOT DEVILISH

The Forces you are harnessing have nothing to do with the evils of Satan. The Beings on whom you call for aid are benevolent and powerful: the old idea of "selling your soul to the Devil" in return for favors has no place in these pages.

The Powers you command are the very Forces of Creation. You will be using methods which have been learned by tedious experiment and time-consuming research from the Soul of Nature Herself. I know this research to be valid because it is used in my daily life as a member of our mystic Order.

Be happy, be strong and be powerful. I shall look for your name to appear in the headlines of the world's newspapers as you become steadily and miraculously more adept, more serene, more forceful, richer, happier and famous—all with the cooperation of these Cosmic Forces which work for your good.

Frater Malak

Contents

Secret Key IV: CAPITALIZING ON MAGIC

Secret Key I: INTRODUCTION

How These Spells and Rituals Can Automatically Bring You Your Every Desire

You're going to work Magic with the help of this book. Real Magic—not the conjuring or sleight-of-hand of the stage magician.

Magic working is simple and efficient, even if it has been described as superstition, delusion and fakery. Magic often generates fear, awe and envy. In fact, Magic is just about the most confused and misunderstood subject in the Universe.

But no matter what you believe about Magic, this book offers you a new approach—which works. And it clears away a great deal of the confusion and superstition which has surrounded Magic for centuries.

Long ago, longer than I like to recall, I decided that where the Miracles of Magic were concerned, a great deal of smoke was rolling down across the ages, hiding a very hot and bright fire at the source. I found I was right: although obscured by sensationalism, confusion and scientific doubts, true Magic will work for anyone. The right gestures and words, performed under the right conditions, will create miracles, no matter what the materialistic doubters insist.

Science, of course, has found many answers. Most of the luxuries and necessities of our daily lives are the fruits of dedicated scientific research.

Yet Science has so far used only a tiny part of this wonderful Universe. Along with the Natural Laws which have been discovered and used to shape our lives, powerful Cosmic Laws exist, and they are still awaiting full discovery.

You are here offered ways and means of applying those Cosmic Laws to your own life. These methods were at one time known and used by adepts to make their lives happy, harmonious and satisfying, and they are still being used in Hermetic Orders throughout the world, such as the one I help to administer.

You have the opportunity—right now—to proceed a step beyond Natural Law. You can directly apply Cosmic Law, with proven methods which will show you their efficiency as they reshape your life to your own design.

How Carl A. Became a Multi-Millionaire After Performing the Instant Business-Success Spell

Carl A. would be the first to tell you that he doesn't have a business head. He lives in a magnificent South Carolina mansion, and owns other homes in New England and Hawaii. His ever-swelling bank balance keeps several accountants busy, and if he ever needs a thing, he has only to crook a finger. Limousines, aircraft, luxury clothes, boats, companionship . . . you name it, and Carl has it. And he's admired by most of the richest people in the world.

Two years ago, Carl was struggling. He was a gas station attendant working shifts in all weathers and pulling in just enough money to supply him with his frugal needs. A bachelor, he had a miserable existence: few real friends, no spare cash, and when he was felled by an agonizing spine disorder, he was quickly replaced in his job.

"I was soon in deep trouble," he related. "No money to pay doctors to treat my back. Unable to lift anything, and only able to creep around slowly like an old man of 95. A few bucks coming in from the Government and nothing else.

"I gradually sold everything to keep ahead: first my old jalopy, then my TV and stereo. Finally I had only a bed, a table and a chair. My back was getting worse because of neglect, and I was at the end of my rope."

A tiny spark of hope appeared. A distant relative of Carl's died and willed him a few hundred dollars and the title to ten acres of land in a remote part of Texas.

"So it was a big deal?" Carl said. "What was I going to use the land for? I had no money to build. But I figured I might take a look at the land. I'd hardly been out, except to buy food, for weeks."

Traveling by bus down to Texas, Carl picked up a pocketbook at random from a bookstore.

"It was something to pass the time," he said. "I only picked it up because it had a picture of a nearly-nude chick on the cover."

The book was about Witchcraft. Most of it was a put-on, yet among the superstition and mythology, Carl unwittingly found a nugget of pure gold.

"It was the Instant Business-Success Spell," he grinned. "A load of garbage, I thought, but it caught my fancy, so I performed it that night in a hotel room, just for the Hell of it."

That Spell happened to be an up-to-date version of a very powerful Spell from the dim and distant past. Results came within a day.

Carl arrived at his 10-acre lot to find surveyors and engineers driving around in jeeps. He asked one of the men what was going on.

"They were oil speculators," Carl said. "One guy said they were offering cash on the barrelhead for local mineral rights, plus a percentage of profits, if there were any."

Carl found the right man, whipped out his deed of ownership, and a week later, back at home, Carl received a check for two thousand dollars plus a contract for his signature.

"I signed it and mailed it back. Then I forgot about it while I gloated over my two-G windfall," Carl said.

Not for long. Official-looking mail started piling up in Carl's mailbox within two months.

"It was too technical for me, but I gathered they'd found oil and natural gas on my land," Carl said. "I handed the whole thing over to a lawyer, and to cut a long story short, before the year was run, I had a million bucks in the bank, all taxes paid."

Carl's life changed out of all recognition. Gone was the squalid two-roomer, the shiftwork, the worries, the scrimping, the neglected spine.

"It would take too long to list all the wonderful things which have happened to me since I performed the Instant Business-Success Spell," Carl said as he relaxed in the sun beside his heated swimming pool. "The finest doctors soon fixed my back. Then I took a world trip with a sexy little movie starlet. I bought this mansion I'm in now, indulged myself in a few luxury cars, took flying lessons and bought a Lear jet, picked up a motor-cruiser, invested in gold and property when my advisers suggested it . . . oh, just everything."

Carl is a happy, contented man now, and he's set for life. It all happened after he performed that Spell, which you'll find on page 83.

APPLY THE SCIENCE OF MAGIC AND BE SUPREMELY HAPPY, RICH AND SUCCESSFUL

Many centuries ago, men were more interested in results than they were in theories. So the great Science of Magic grew up. Men were using the Law of Synchronicity long before Dr. Jung discovered it. They knew that certain vibrations—spoken words—and certain ges-

tures, symbols and mixtures of ingredients would unfailingly cause miracles to happen. The combinations of these vibrations, gestures and ingredients were called "Spells" or "Rituals."

Here, for the very first time in such simplified detail, you are offered the exact ways of changing your life for the better, using the Science of Magic. Apply these straightforward recipes in the privacy of your own home—or even, unobtrusively, outside—and riches, happiness and success will flow toward you, automatically and inevitably.

How Guiseppe P. Regained His Lost Youth and Won an Attractive Wife After Performing the Stupendous Young-Again Spell

If you met Guiseppe P. today, you wouldn't believe his birth certificate. I didn't believe it myself until he showed me some photographs taken of himself a couple of years ago.

I was researching the Spells and Rituals for this Grimoire, and Guiseppe's name came up as someone who had used Magic for his own benefit.

He seemed to be a young 39-year-old when I met him in Ohio. His wife, tall and dark-haired, was playing a fast game of tennis with him just before our meeting.

I admired his athletic frame as he threw a towel around his muscular shoulders and came to greet me, gripping my hand firmly. Slim and bursting with vitality, Guiseppe told me his story.

"I was getting old and decrepit," he said. "Lumbago, rheumatism and more than a touch of arthritis had slowed me to a crawl. My heart and lungs were suspect, and I couldn't walk up three stairs without stopping for a rest.

"I slept badly, and all the spice had long since gone out of my life. I suppose I was looking forward to dying—there wasn't much left to live for, or so I thought, after my dear wife passed on in 1971."

He showed me a couple of snapshots of an old, bent man with a face lined with suffering. Guiseppe laughed heartily, wrinkling his firm, bronzed face when I asked if they were pictures of his grandfather.

"That's me—back in 1972," he said. "That was just before I worked the Stupendous Young-Again Spell."

Guiseppe was reticent about revealing where he found the Spell. I realized later that he had been in touch with a powerful mystic from

Oregon to whom I am indebted for several of the Spells and Rituals included in this book.

"I'd lost interest in everything," Guiseppe said. "My pension was enough to get by on, as I wasn't living it up by any means. I was hardly living—more like existing, waiting for the Good Lord to call me to His side.

"Pain was my constant companion. I was irritable and cross-grained, and my family wisely kept away. I spent day after day just settin', growling at the world and being a thorough-going s.o.b. The finer things of life, like companionship, enjoyment, happiness . . . I figured they were all behind me."

Then came the miracle. Guiseppe merely told me that he "met this man who wanted me to try what I called a lunk-headed bit of malarky."

Guiseppe doesn't know to this day how he was persuaded to perform the Spell, but he figures he maybe did it "to get that guy off my back."

This was by no means an overnight miracle. Guiseppe says he crept out of bed next day feeling as crotchety as ever.

"I took a perverse delight in being able to say that the Spell was a fake, but later in the day I had to admit something was going on," he said. "I dragged the old rocker out on the porch and watched the young ladies going past.

"The old sap was stirring, but I reckon it took me a lot of years to get crabby and crippled, and I didn't believe worth a damn in the Spell, so it was going to take some powerful Magic to change me."

But change he did. Day by day, Guiseppe found his aches and pains gradually vanishing. The pain creases disappeared from his face, and he started walking around the town.

"Shucks, I got so goldurn fired up I started in on my old hobby of painting," he said, "and blow me over if I didn't start selling a canvas or two to tourists."

Others soon noticed the change in him, and relatives started dropping by. At first a bit tentatively, but soon they came gladly.

"I had to admit I'd changed, however much I tried to hang on to the old surly self I'd been," Guiseppe said. "I got interested in the ladies again—in a way I thought had gone forever.

"I took up jogging, bowling and then tennis. It was like turning the clock back 40 years."

Then Guiseppe met Jane, his present wife.

"She wouldn't believe it when I told her I was twice her age," he said. "She kidded me that she liked more mature men, but she didn't see me as mature. I wooed her, and we got married. Going to start a family next year."

His wife joined us, relaxing with a julep beside her husband.

"Has he been telling you tall tales about how he's old?" she asked. "I don't believe it. I think he's faked his identity papers."

Guiseppe laughed again, with the deep, healthy enjoyment of youth. I knew, from the army papers he'd shown me, how old he was. But if it hadn't been for those documents and the photographs, and their confirmation by his family doctor who expressed bafflement at the rejuvenation which had taken place, I might never have credited the Stupendous Young-Again Spell with such miraculous results. I know Magic is All Powerful, but Guiseppe is the living, blooming proof of it.

LET MAGIC BRING YOU THE MONEY YOU NEED JUST AS IT DOES FOR ME

The Spells and Rituals given here are easy to apply. *Why* they work remains a mystery which will be discovered later. I will not weigh you down with abstruse theories of how, for example, a certain combination of words and thoughts which I have called the Great Money-Spinning Ritual brings cash flowing to you.

I merely know that each morning I spend about two minutes performing that Ritual, and each day money comes to me, sufficient for my every need and more—sometimes only 20 or 30 dollars, sometimes a thousand, occasionally $10,000. It all depends on how much I need to get through that day.

Anyone can use this Ritual. I know several dozen people who use it regularly and keep themselves in luxury. It is here for *you* to use, in Secret Key III, and you can understand the joys of it. No more need you economize and try to save, putting money in the bank or under the mattress against future expenses. The worries of whether thieves will take your money, or the fears that the banks may go broke are removed from you for all time.

Just work the Great Money-Spinning Ritual and enough money comes to you to settle your needs. Next day, work the Ritual again, and

along comes more money. The freedom and happiness this produces is indescribable.

How Edna V. Parlayed $5 into $50,000 After Working the Great Money-Spinning Ritual

Edna V. and her family are very comfortable now, thank you, but it wasn't always like that for them. But things are going fine now, ever since Edna discovered the Great Money-Spinning Ritual.

"Don't ask me how it works," she said. "I just know it does, and I'm glad of it."

Edna was a typical mid-Western housewife not so long ago. Inflation was hitting the family hard, and her husband Ralph had to put in many extra hours at work to make ends meet.

"We were existing, I guess," Edna said, "and achingly poor. The kids wore hand-me-downs, and we lived in dread of any of us going seriously ill—that would have been the end.

"I spent all my time in the kitchen, and Ralph was working far too hard. Entertainment? An evening watching TV. Vacations? Don't make me laugh. It was just week after week of worry, with no end in sight. I used to cry alone in the long evening after the kids were in bed, just because of our drab existence. It began to weigh heavy on us. We began to snap at each other and our sex life fell apart."

The Great Money-Spinning Ritual came Edna's way apparently by chance. She had been helping to clear her grandmother's room after the old lady had died peacefully in her sleep.

"Grandma used to collect odd things," Edna said. "I came across a folder of letters and clippings marked 'Phony Facts'. All kind of odd superstitions and legends were written up in there, along with patent medicine claims, ghost stories . . . things like that. Grandma was a very hard-nosed, realistic person, and I recall she used to read her 'Phony Facts' to us kids to show us how gullible people can be."

Among this memorabilia were some Spells and Rituals.

"I haven't a clue where she picked them up," Edna said. "I was flicking through the folder when the Great Money-Spinning Ritual caught my eye."

Just for fun, with no expectations at all, Edna performed the Ritual one evening when she was alone, waiting for her husband to come home.

"He came in grinning," Edna said. "He handed me a five-spot. 'Found it on the sidewalk, right under a light,' he said. 'Buy yourself a Cadillac, eh?'.

"I took the bill, and figured as it was a total windfall, I'd give the Ritual a chance."

One of Edna's neighbors owed her an evening of baby-sitting, so Edna spent her next free evening at an unusual—for her—recreation. She spent several hours in a local Bingo hall.

"I came out $100 ahead," she said, "which was ridiculous because I didn't even know the rules and had to ask other people how to play."

But win she did. And she repeated her win, bigger and better, the following weekend.

"That was $500, and we figured it was beginner's luck," she said, "but Ralph started getting interested when I took the bonus prize a week later."

Edna says it was all like a dream.

"I was waiting for the bubble to burst and kept putting the cash in the bank," she smiled. "I became a kind of professional Bingo player. People started to recognize me. 'The Girl with the Golden Arm', they called me.

"Then one day I suddenly realized that the cash I'd been salting away amounted to just over $50,000. I got the shakes then, because that was precisely the amount we'd said we'd have to save before we could move into a more comfortable home."

Edna stopped playing for a while, and the $50,000 dwindled as they bought a few luxuries.

"It didn't take long for our bank balance to slip to $10,000," Edna said, "and we realized that our new home was slipping away due to our own foolishness."

But that "foolishness" probably saved Edna and Ralph's marriage. They had indulged themselves during their good fortune, taken an expensive vacation with the children, and Ralph had stopped working overtime.

"We relaxed and felt at ease for the first time in years," Edna said. "Life was much more peaceful and harmonious."

Again "just for fun" Edna worked the Great Money-Spinning Ritual and tried her luck at Bingo again. Soon their bank balance hit $50,000 for the second time.

"We bought our new home," Edna said. "It's perfect. And look at the kids—well-dressed and neat. We've not changed our way of life too much—just bought the luxuries which make all the difference to our previous existence."

Nice work if you can get it—and Edna and her family got it. I heard recently that she did the rounds of the Bingo halls again. Same result—thanks to the Great Money-Spinning Ritual which Grandma thought was a lot of bunk.

WHAT DO YOU WISH TO CHANGE IN YOUR LIFE? THE RIGHT SPELL OR RITUAL IS HERE

Transform your life into a new one of bliss and adventure. Cast off the restrictions of the daily grind, and let the ancient Cosmic Laws do your bidding. They only need prompting through the use of the Spells and Rituals offered here, and your life of frustration, opposition, fear and worry will be a thing of the past.

Somewhere in the pages of this book is a Spell or Ritual which will change any and all parts of your life into what you wish them to be. Try it—you're going to be surprised, delighted and blessed beyond your wildest dreams with health, wealth and happiness.

TUNE IN TO COSMIC POWER AND LET IT BRING YOUR DESIRES INTO GLORIOUS REALITY

I promised I would not bore you with theories on why Magic works, yet you will want to know exactly what you are doing as you use the Energy of the Cosmos to turn your life into a stimulating, successful and joyous existence.

The instructions which follow in this book are all designed to do one thing: to tune your body and mind to centers of luck, power and influence which are just waiting for you to use them. It's very similar to tuning a radio or TV to receive a particular program, except that instead of turning knobs and switches, you make certain Universal vibrations and patterns with your voice and body.

If you stand close to a piano, press down the sustaining pedal and sing or hum a note, you will find that after you stop, the piano goes on vibrating the note you have sung. You can actually hear that note. Try it some time.

Or throw a pebble into a calm pool and watch the widening circle of ripples spread out until they reach the shore.

The whole Universe operates like that, and the words and gestures you are going to use in your Spells and Rituals vibrate the strings of the Cosmos, bringing your desires to reality. It's as simple as that.

How Andy N. Benefited from Learning the Future After Performing the Unique Know-What-Comes Ritual

The recent depression was Andy N.'s setback. He was unemployed, down on his luck, sick, and worried about where the next buck was coming from. He came from a broken home, and he was no stranger to police routines. Lonely and broke, he shivered as he shuffled through the frozen Chicago streets, pulling his threadbare coat around him to try to keep out the knife-like wind. Cold rain pattered down, adding to his misery.

"The future was bleak," he said. "I'd not eaten for two days, and I was seriously toying with the idea of rolling a drunk or mugging someone—that's how desperate I was. But I knew inside myself that I was too feverish to go through with it. I felt weak and shaky, and wondered if I'd see the next dawn. Not that it was important—I was too depressed to care."

People walking into the warm glow of a hall on a sidestreet caught Andy's attention.

"At first I thought it was a church," he said. "But as I came closer, I saw they were holding a free lecture inside. It looked snug in there, so I slipped into a seat at the rear."

The speaker was a forceful and forthright opponent of everything to do with the occult. His lecture was designed to expose the follies of all psychic matters. During the course of his somewhat pompous tirade, he talked at length on the Unique Know-What-Comes Ritual as "an example of the illusions which you can find in the occult."

Andy was interested despite himself. The speaker admitted that the Ritual he was dissecting was ancient, and variations of it appear in magical writings from antiquity, but he dismissed it totally.

"He was so darn negative I thought I'd give it a try," Andy grinned. "I guess it was his manner which got my back up. Even I could figure that if something had survived for centuries, there must be something in it. Mind you, I thought all of the occult was kooky, but perhaps my fever made me light-headed."

Light-headed or not, Andy worked the Ritual.

"I'd scribbled the details on the back of an empty cigarette pack," Andy recalled. "I went through the Ritual in the men's room of a dirty little restaurant."

On the way there Andy had managed to panhandle a couple of quarters. He bought a cup of coffee and huddled at the table, clutching the warm cup and frowning into it.

"I knew I must be delirious," he said. "I was almost asleep over the cup, and I started seeing pictures on the surface of the coffee."

Startled, Andy saw a building which he recognized as a local welfare center.

"Then I saw myself coming out of a door looking well-fed and prosperous. The pictures—like a dream—showed me climbing into a luxury car. Then it changed to show me relaxing in an armchair while an attractive, well-built woman came into the picture and smiled at me as I sat surrounded by soft carpets and opulence.

"I knew it all had to be a dream, but I figured I'd lose nothing by going to the welfare place I'd seen in the cup."

That began a train of good fortune for Andy which has never stopped.

"I met an old buddy who worked at the center," Andy said. "I'd arrived at a good time. They were handing out clothes and food. My pal saw that I was fixed up O.K. and arranged for me to have a room for a few days."

"Just for kicks," as he put it, Andy again tried the Unique Know-What-Comes Ritual a few days later.

"That night I dreamed of getting a job, promotions, cash in the bank, a home, a car, and a wife and kids," he said. "That was a laugh for a lone loser like me. I was under-educated, unsociable, unskilled and unwanted."

Yet he had enough faith in his dream to visit the offices he'd dreamed about. Sure enough, a job was open for him. All Andy's hidden abilities surged to the surface. Within months he was recognized as a hard-working, able employe.

"It all came true," he said. "Look at me now. I don't know myself. I own this ranch-style home. We went to Florida last month —my first vacation, ever. That Cadillac outside is mine, and it's paid for.

"Yes, the wife and kids came true, too. I met Elise soon after I started working, and we were perfect for each other. She's had a hard

life, like me, and we understood each other from the start. Our twin boys will never lack for a thing."

The present and future are rosy for Andy and his family. They have a long and happy life ahead for them.

"I know," Andy grinned. "I used the Unique Know-What-Comes Ritual to take a peek . . . and our next baby's going to be a girl!"

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RITUALS AND SPELLS

Magic is worked by the efficient techniques described in this book. Two basic methods are used: Rituals and Spells.

Rituals

Rituals consist of magic worked in a particular place, using gestures and words in specific patterns, at a certain time. The vibrations produced work with the energies of the Universe, and those energies shape your future into what you want it to be. Rituals work most efficiently when you choose the time and conditions carefully, prepare yourself beforehand and go through the techniques step by step.

Magical Rituals are ultimately powerful, and the extra preparation needed amply repays you when you see the startling and fantastic results.

Notice that Rituals are not strange to you: we use ritual in our everyday life—physical ritual, not magical ritual.

Driving a car is a type of physical ritual, with each action following the previous one, all aimed at producing a particular result.

You take the keys of the car, open the driver's door, put the correct key in the right slot, turn the key to the right, wait for the engine to fire, release the key, put the gearshift into drive, depress the gas pedal, release the brake, and away you go.

You could call that a car starting ritual. Leave out any step or try to do the steps in the wrong order, and you'd find that things were not working out right. For example, you must obviously climb into the car before you operate the starter, and if you release the brake before the correct time, you may find yourself rolling with a dead engine before you're ready to move.

Ritual Magic is little different. You go through a series of prescribed steps, and the results are achieved as easily and automatically as starting a car.

Spells

Spells use the same Forces of the Universe, but they rely more on thought patterns than Rituals do. Most Spells can be worked at any time, anywhere, with little preparation. Their advantage is that they are unobtrusive.

You can work a Spell among other people, where working a Ritual would attract undesirable attention.

However, if you are able to pick and choose your time and conditions of working, most Spells can be made stronger and more efficient, but you'll find as you progress and practice that many spells have power to spare, so the results will come even if the time and place of working them was not precisely correct.

WHICH ARE BEST—SPELLS OR RITUALS?

Rituals are more powerful, but working a Spell is less noticeable to other people. Also, many conditions do not need the super high-power Magic of a Ritual—a Spell is all the Magic you need.

Your major guide-line is simple: if you have the time, are alone and no one can see you, use a Ritual. If people are present, use a Spell.

BE UNOBTRUSIVE WITH YOUR MAGIC

A very important occult maxim is: "Know, Will, Dare and Keep Silent."

The old Rosicrucian who coined that rule knew that the most successful Magic-workers are those who never breathe a word about what they're doing. You can be sure that if a friend of yours is forever saying: "I'm a witch" or often talks about the mystic power he or she has, then that person is on a harmless ego-trip.

True Magic-workers go about their business quietly, unobtrusively and secretly. No one—but no one—knows what they're doing, and when a Magic-worker achieves some success, he or she just smiles quietly and keeps silent. This is a basic credo in our Order, which is how we remain secret, successful and harmonious.

Follow that course of action yourself—it's very important. Magic itself works without fuss and without drawing attention to itself. Forget about the stories you have heard of bags of gold appearing out of nowhere, accompanied by peals of thunder. Disregard the tales of lightning bolts, clouds of green smoke, flashing-eyed demons and spirits, roaring voices out of space and similar spooky manifestations.

For Heaven's sakes, if you started those kind of things going on around you, you'd soon have reporters and TV cameras making a nuisance of themselves, your friends and neighbors would run gibbering in fear, and you'd attract unwelcome interest from the authorities. You might even find the fire department trying to put you out!

No, Magic isn't like that. Magic works quietly behind the scenes to bring your miracles into reality. Occasionally you will see instantaneous, startling results occurring at once. More often, though, the Cosmic Machine rolls into action quietly and efficiently, and a little while later your wish comes true—*and it seems as if coincidence has caused it.*

Remember that. When your friends ask: "How come you keep winning all those lotteries?" or "How come you've been promoted so quickly?" or "What's your secret for being so healthy and having such a harmonious love life?" or any of a hundred other envious questions, you do *not* say: "I'm using Magic." No way: you merely smile, and say: "Coincidence, I guess."

How Noel C. Turned from a Mouse into a Man with the Explosive Eye-Glance Ritual

I met Noel C. in San Francisco after he achieved his desires by Magic. He can tell his story better than I can. Here it is:

"The 98-pound weakling who was always getting sand kicked in his face describes the way I was.

"I knew I had a good head, but something lacking in my character made me submissive, scared of people and forever uncertain. I knew that I wanted to make an impression on my friends; I desperately tried to get promoted in my work as a salesman; I hankered after being admired by at least one girl—even an ugly one. Life just wasn't right. My timidity made me keep quiet when I should have spoken out, and it also made me say stupid things at the wrong time. I tried to puff myself up by lying, but even that only earned me contempt.

"I loathed and despised myself for my shortcomings. I was miserable and morose most of the time, and bad luck seemed to haunt me. I began to think I was under a hex, or possessed by evil, simply because whenever I tried to make a go of life, Fate slapped me down.

"I even thought about suicide, but I was too scared to try it.

"Has that ever changed now! I've always been interested in psychic things, and I was a member of a study group in 'Frisco. I was eating my heart out to stand up in front of the group and show them I had good ideas and could be a leader. I used to fantasize the way it would be, but when it came to putting the fantasies into reality, I just sat in the background like a dummy.

"In secret I tried all kinds of courses and books which were supposed to give you power over other people. I knew all the theories, but I just couldn't raise the moral fiber to try them: on the one occasion when I plucked up courage to try to date a girl, she gave me the brush-off, saying I was an uninteresting creep.

"One evening I saw a man on TV who was talking about Witchcraft and the Powers of Magic. His words raised a tiny flame of hope for me. I wrote to him, care of the TV studios, explaining my problem.

"He wrote to me briefly, enclosing a copy of the Explosive Eye-Glance Ritual. I remember even then that I felt deeply hurt because his letter gently chided me for failing to enclose a stamp or any reimbursement for his time and trouble. I know now what he meant—professionals have many demands made on their time, and most correspondents expect to get free advice—but at that time I felt resentful that the guy not only put me gently in my place, but also told me the truth: "Only you can help yourself—no one else can do it for you."

"When I got over my imagined slight, I gave the Explosive Eye-Glance Ritual a try. 'Wow!' was my reaction, but that was nothing to the reactions of my friends.

"Within minutes of working the Ritual, even before I went out, I was standing taller. I felt confident and strong-willed. I remember that I worried, in the back of my mind, whether it might all be self-delusion and would fade when I was among my friends.

"It didn't fade. I went to a meeting of the study group, and the subject for the evening was hypnosis. A guest hypnotist was lecturing and demonstrating.

"Without being pushy, I found I could easily ask intelligent questions. Heads turned as my friends murmured among themselves,

wondering about my new-found personality. Without a qualm, I went to the front to help the hypnotist.

"From reading, I knew the theory of hypnosis, but I'd never been able to make it work. Would you believe that within minutes I had hypnotized the hypnotist?

"I went from strength to strength. I found I could hypnotize any of my friends, just by looking them in the eye. They listened when I talked, and a whole new life opened up for me.

"A few weeks later I was elected president of the group. Meanwhile I had tried a few simple control techniques on the girls I had previously admired from afar. They fell at my feet in awe!

"Promotion came at work. Selling became a breeze. I topped the sales chart and became a district manager. My whole existence changed for the better. Amazing—and it all began with the Explosive Eye-Glance Ritual."

WHY KEEP MAGIC-WORKING A SECRET?

If you've read any books on Magic you'll know that the Magic-worker always instructs you to keep Rituals and Spells secret. The reason—as I've hinted before—is not because Magic is spooky, dangerous and awe-inspiring: it's because if you reveal that you've entered this marvelous area of existence, most people will react with fear or jealousy. It's that simple.

Sure, you can banish their fears and jealousies, or keep them at arm's length with a Spell or Ritual, but why go to that trouble if by keeping quiet you can be sure that the situation doesn't arise?

Go about your Magical business in secret, and let the Cosmic Forces work for you silently, efficiently and quietly.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Magic depends for its operation on many apparently insignificant details—the phase of the Moon, for instance, is often a factor in success. So you will sometimes find that a Spell or Ritual has not worked as fully as you had expected. That merely means that one of the Universal conditions was not right at the time you performed it. So work it again, and again, if necessary. Sooner than you believe, you'll hit the right combination of time, place and Cosmic conditions.

And as you become more adept, you'll find that successes come quicker and are more satisfying: just like all other projects in life, practice improves your performance. Keep trying, and watch your successes multiply.

WHEN TO USE A SPELL IN PLACE OF A RITUAL

I will repeat the rule I suggested earlier: use a Spell when other people are around, and use a Ritual when you have the time and privacy to prepare. A Ritual is long-lasting, powerful and influential, while a Spell is quietly effective and sometimes works with a startling immediacy.

Personally, I reserve Rituals for long-term important life projects and use Spells to smooth out the smaller problems of life.

The Secret Keys which follow contain 28 Spells and 27 Rituals. The Spells are carefully described in Secret Key II: what to do, how, and—if it's important—when.

Preparations for your Rituals, all of which are similar in their basic structure, are explained in detail in Secret Key III, while Parts 3 through 9 of that Secret Key give you the details of each of these Rituals.

Feast your eyes on the banquet of Magic which is here set before you. Decide what you need, and let Magic bring it to you with quiet and glorious efficiency.

Secret Key II: SPELLS

Twenty-eight Runic Spells to Magically Smooth Your Path Through Life

These powerful, magical instructions are designed to allow you to achieve your desires without fuss and exhibitionism. If a Spell requires you to do something in private, it will say so, and when gestures or words form part of a Spell, remember to perform them without making yourself obvious to other people.

Also be reminded that until you become practised at the Art of Magic, a Spell may require more than one application before it works to your entire satisfaction.

You need no special clothing or complicated preparations for Spells. Just carry out the simple instructions as given, and you will see your most secret wishes come true with startling and joyful ease.

SPELLS WORK MYSTERIOUSLY

Great minds have puzzled over exactly why Spells and Rituals work as they do, and the only answer which has been reached is that although they undeniably *do* work with a mysterious efficiency, the reasons for this have yet to be discovered.

Yet there is no necessity for us to need to know those reasons, when we can gladly use the Magic to produce its exciting and satisfying automatic results. The proof of the pudding is in the eating—or, putting that old saw another way, the proof of Magic is in the glorious personal results!

Part 1: Four Superb Spells to Produce Wealth for You in Golden Torrents

THE VITAL BRING-ME-WEALTH SPELL

This simple Spell has proven extremely successful for hundreds of users. It is concerned with bringing moderate amounts of money to settle existing debts.

As soon as possible after waking in the morning, write down on a piece of paper what bills need paying or what you want the money for. Keep it simple—write something like: "I need $125 to pay the rent next month" or "I need $84.50 to bring my charge card payments up to date."

When you have written down your need, draw a line right around the statement. Keep that paper in your purse or pocket for at least 10 hours. Read it as often as you can during the day, *when you are alone and not observed.*

After darkness has fallen, sit alone in a room and light a single candle. If you wish you can burn a stick of incense and have music playing, (not a talk show or TV). Put out all lights except the candle and read your piece of paper once more.

Then say:

"Beyond this light the Powers come
"To bring to me this needed sum,
"Aided by a Cosmic Name
"Because I burn this Magic flame."

(If there is any likelihood that anyone will overhear you, just say the rhyme in your mind).

Repeat the rhyme until you have said it three times in all, then extinguish the candle. Tear your paper into tiny pieces and throw them away.

Repeat this Spell each evening for seven days or until the money comes, whichever is sooner.

THE ENTERPRISING ACE-KING SPELL

Poker? Blackjack? Bridge? Faro? You name it, and this Spell puts you out in front in card games where skill is needed.

Before you join the table, put your hands out of sight and cross the first two fingers of your right hand. Think the following rhyme:

"High, low, black or red
"Cards and luck to me are wed.
"I know I'll pick up all the best
"And stay ahead of all the rest."

Uncross your fingers, and come around to the *left* side of your chair as you sit down, and play the cards close to your chest.

Don't take stupid chances—play a normal game, let the Cosmic Powers do their work, and just watch things come your way.

The Enterprising Ace-King Spell Brought Trevor N. Enough Money at Cards to Buy a Brand-New Truck.

The smooth Mercedes which Trevor N. drives is very different from the beat-up heap of a truck he used to have to rely on.

"I was a self-employed heating-oil salesman," he said. "I ran one tanker-truck round, making deliveries to homes and offices. So that truck had to be reliable, and that's where I would have come disastrously unstuck last year if it hadn't been for the Enterprising Ace-King Spell."

Despite regular servicing and constant care and attention, Trevor's ten-year-old tanker was close to the end of the road last winter. Competition for customers was fierce, and Trevor knew only too well that if he failed to deliver, he'd lose his clients to competitors.

"Every other day I was under my truck. Brakes, lights, bearings, tires . . . I was doing most of the maintenance myself," he said. "Then having to pay a mechanic for the work I couldn't handle, I was just one step ahead of my creditors all the time. No way was I going to be able to afford a new truck."

Long hours and worry took their toll. Trevor became thin and haggard. Influenza hit him, and a hacking cough weakened him further.

"Some mornings I didn't know how to crawl out of bed," he said. "But I kept going, knowing that somewhere on the road I'd be struggling with cold nuts and bolts, skinning my knuckles, while I fought to keep my truck on the road for a few more vital miles."

Then one Saturday night Trevor's vehicle gave up the ghost in a snowstorm in a small town, far from home.

"I booked a hotel room for the night and went to the lounge to be miserably alone," Trevor related. "I was running a fever and life looked black. I just sat, enveloped in gloom."

Something roused Trevor enough to glance at a newspaper someone had left on the table. It was a weekly, printed in Canada. Trevor scanned it, and grinned wryly at one of the items.

"A correspondent had written to tell the readers how he'd used Magic to win at gambling," Trevor said. "I thought it was an interesting piece, but I doubted the truth of it. Nevertheless, I was daydreaming about winning enough to replace my old truck. Just a harmless fantasy, or so I thought."

As he sat, wrapped in misery, the door swung open. Three men pushed their way into the lounge, snow blowing around them. They stamped and flapped their clothes, laughing and bringing some life into the quiet room.

"They were land development guys. Must have been something about that town that night because their car had also crapped out on them, and they were forced to stay the night," Trevor said. "I got to talking with them, and inevitably someone suggested a few hands of poker upstairs."

The coincidence of the newspaper column and the arrival of the strangers was almost too much for Trevor.

"I couldn't afford to lose more than a few bucks, and these guys looked like high rollers," he said. "But I joined them, and I figured I wouldn't harm my luck any to perform the Spell I'd just read about."

Incredible luck followed for Trevor.

"I played steadily—nothing wild, and not pushing my good fortune," Trevor said. "I found I held kings when my opponents held queens—that sort of thing. Not all the time, but often enough to win steadily, and the pots I lost were the smaller ones.

"We gradually upped the ante until by three a.m. we were gambling a thousand on the turn of a card. By then I was ahead enough so as not to worry. I didn't figure on my luck holding, and I was prepared to quit as soon as I hit a losing streak and ended up square."

Dawn broke with the snowstorm still raging outside. All through the day, with brief breaks for food, the marathon poker game went on.

"We agreed to stop and total up at the stroke of midnight," Trevor said. "After we played the final hand—which I won—we found that each of the three guys was in the hole to me for more than I'd earned from my delivery route in the previous year.

"They were great guys. Went to the bank with me on Monday, wired for cash, and squared everything away. They said it was the greatest weekend they could recall enjoying for years. I guess they were well-heeled enough not to miss the money too much—but it was like manna from Heaven to me."

The same day, Trevor traded his old truck against a new one. Proudly, he set off on his rounds. With no time wasted on repairs, he had more opportunities to pick up new business.

"I was soon able to hire a guy and a second truck," Trevor said. "Now I've got a fleet of five. Other guys do the work while I keep an eye on things. No more truck driving for me—I roll around in luxury.

"And it all started with the Enterprising Ace-King Spell. Guess maybe there's something in this Magic stuff after all."

THE TERRIFIC WIN-IT-ALL SPELL

This Spell needs a private place to set the luck vibrations going your way before you join a game or make a bet. It's designed to turn luck vibrations your way in contests where chance is the chief factor in winning.

Make sure you're alone and unseen by others.

If possible, perform this Spell during the day. Facing toward the sun, throw your hands and arms upward and outward, fingers straight and palms forward. Move your feet about 24 inches apart, so that you're standing in the shape of an X.

If it's after dark, face west if you are performing the spell before midnight and east after midnight.

Say, (or think if you may be overheard):

"Sun! Sun! The power that be,
"The Gods of Chance shall smile on me,
"While Lady Luck shall steal away
"The fortune from my rival's play."

Lower your arms to your side, keep your eyes closed and touch your money, turning it over in your pocket or purse. Turn around three times to the right, stamp your right foot three times and open your eyes.

How Alice L. Left a Life of Poverty and Became a Rich Gambler After Working the Terrific Win-It-All Spell

Faro is Alice L.'s game, and she's rich—but if you'd told her a while ago that she would be in that situation, she'd have laughed in your face.

Sickness and pain had been Alice's lot for years, and the climax of misery came when her doctor told her she must have expensive liver surgery or resign herself to a short life of agony and woe.

"Lack of the necessary cash was only part of it," she said. "My husband was also ailing with a lung problem, and our four children were none too healthy.

"We did our best to keep things half decent, but debts were accumulating, and my bad news seemed to be the final blow which would send us all to the poorhouse."

Alice was at her wit's end. Only a massive injection of cash into their household would save them. She bought lottery tickets. No luck. She entered competitions. Nothing. Appeals to relatives found them uncooperative. Meanwhile, Alice's pains became worse.

"I could hardly move, and I was constantly exhausted, and the house was a mess," she recalled. "I hadn't the will to lift a finger most of the time.

"Then one day, as I was in a half-awake state of agony and insomnia, I had this dream. It was weird: I was working a Spell."

Alice doesn't know to this day where the dream came from. Her maternal grandmother was psychic and used to read a great many mystic books, so Alice supposes she may have read the Spell when she was younger and then forgotten about it.

"I came back to full consciousness, but the dream was still with me. I recalled it all clearly, and I took it as a sign," she said. "A friend had recently given me a booklet of coupons from Mr. Sy's casino in Vegas. We lived only a short distance from the city, so I left a note for my husband and kids and took a bus. I thought I must be out of my mind, but some inner force urged me on."

Alice used the booklet to collect $36 in nickels and tokens at the casino, and she then retired to the washroom.

"I whispered the words of the Spell and started the most fantastic day of my life," she said. "Almost every time I laid down a chip at a game, I won. After dark, I called my husband. He was frantic—thought I'd gone around the bend. I jingled a pile of silver dollars at him over the phone and told him to come and meet me."

The sparkling stream of luck held for Alice—and has held steady to this day. Within a week, she had enough winnings to move the family into Vegas.

"I still think I'm dreaming," she said. "To think that a few words could work a miracle like the one we're living.

"The casinos welcome me in. Don't you believe those stories about big winners being asked to stay away: the casinos are always pleased to see me, because I invariably collect a big crowd of people —who are maybe not as lucky as me."

Alice had her operation, and it was a total success. She paid for it easily from her newfound wealth. She has now furnished an opulent home in the most exclusive part of the city. Her husband drives her to the casinos in a limousine rigged with every imaginable electronic gadget, including TV and a bar. Their parties and gifts to charity are the talk of the town.

"We're a healthy, ecstatic family now," Alice said. "What a contrast from a few months back. We've invested our cash and live high-on-the-hog off the interest.

"But I still try the Terrific Win-It-All Spell occasionally, just to have the joy of seeing Magic in action again."

THE AMAZING ROULETTE-CERTAINTY SPELL

You need to do a little work before you perform this Spell at the roulette table, but the results amply repay your trouble.

First, you need to know your Destiny Number and your Lucky Name Number.

Finding your Destiny Number

Write down your birth date in figures. If, for example, you were born on July 18th, 1924, you would write 7.18.1924.

Now add those numbers together. In the above example you would add 7 and 1 and 8 and 1 and 9 and 2 and 4, which equals 32.

Whatever result you get, add those numbers together also. Our example gives us: 3, add 2, equals 5.

That final, single number is your Destiny Number. Note that if after the second addition you still get a total greater than 9, add those two figures together again. Eventually, you'll end up with a single figure. And if zero comes anywhere in this simple calculation, then that's O.K.—treat it as nothing. (i.e. 20 totals as: 2, add zero, equals 2).

Finding your Lucky Name Number

Sign your name, just as you do on a check, a charge card or any other paper concerned with money. Leave out any titles like Mr. or Mrs.—just write your normal signature.

Now give numbers to each letter of your name, using the following numerological values:

A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, E=5, F=6, G=7, H=8, I=9, J=1,
K=2, L=3, M=4, N=5, O=6, P=7, Q=8, R=9, S=1, T=2,
U=3, V=4, W=5, X=6, Y=7, Z=8.

When you've done that, add the figures together, just as you did for your Destiny Number, repeating the addition until you arrive at a single number less than 10.

That's your Lucky Name Number, associated with money. You're almost ready to use your Luck Numbers to gamble, but let's take a look at an example of finding a Lucky Name Number, in case you need guidance.

Example:

J O S E P H D. M A L K I N
1 6 1 5 7 8 4 4 1 3 2 9 5

First total=56

Second total (5+6)=11

Final total (1+1)=2

Joseph D. Malkin's Lucky Name Number is 2.

Using your Numbers

Find yourself a place at a roulette table, have a few chips ready, and then check the time. That's important: you need to know what hour

TIME			NUMBER OF THE HOUR
Midnight	to	12.59 a.m.	1
1.00 a.m.	to	1.59 a.m.	2
2.00 a.m.	to	2.59 a.m.	3
3.00 a.m.	to	3.59 a.m.	4
4.00 a.m.	to	4.59 a.m.	5
5.00 a.m.	to	5.59 a.m.	6
6.00 a.m.	to	6.59 a.m.	7
7.00 a.m.	to	7.59 a.m.	8
8.00 a.m.	to	8.59 a.m.	9
9.00 a.m.	to	9.59 a.m.	1
10.00 a.m.	to	10.59 a.m.	2
11.00 a.m.	to	11.59 a.m.	3
Noon	to	12.59 p.m.	4
1.00 p.m.	to	1.59 p.m.	5
2.00 p.m.	to	2.59 p.m.	6
3.00 p.m.	to	3.59 p.m.	7
4.00 p.m.	to	4.59 p.m.	8
5.00 p.m.	to	5.59 p.m.	9
6.00 p.m.	to	6.59 p.m.	1
7.00 p.m.	to	7.59 p.m.	2
8.00 p.m.	to	8.59 p.m.	3
9.00 p.m.	to	9.59 p.m.	4
10.00 p.m.	to	10.59 p.m.	5
11.00 p.m.	to	11.59 p.m.	6

Reigning Numbers of Each Hour of the Day

Table 1

of the day you're gambling. Take a look at Table 1 on page 55. It shows the reigning number of each hour of the day. That's the third number you use in applying the Amazing Roulette-Certainty Spell.

Add together the Number of the Hour and your Destiny Number. Reduce it to a single figure if necessary. Call that number your Bet Number.

Now here's how and when to lay down your chips.

As soon as you've discovered your Bet Number, pay attention to the croupier. Sit back and watch the roll of the little ball. The spins of the wheel you're going to bet on are the ones which correspond to your Bet Number, and the actual numbers you're going to lay your chips on are those which total to your Lucky Name Number—and there are always four of those on a roulette wheel.

To make it crystal clear for you, Table 2 shows the numbers on the roulette wheel which correspond to the numbers 1 through 9.

Let's follow through with an example of this: that's easier than all the explanations in the world.

Our old friend Joe Malkin has, you recall, a Lucky Name Number of 2 and a Destiny Number of 5. He finds himself a place at the table a few minutes after 8 p.m. one evening. Take a look at Table 1 again: between 8 p.m. and 8:59 p.m. (these are local times, by the way) the number of the hour is 3.

So Joe totals his Destiny Number (5) with the Hour Number (3) and comes up with his Bet Number of 8.

Now Joe watches the spin of the wheel. He's going to lay down his chips at the *eighth* spin of the wheel—because his Bet Number is 8.

First spin: no bet. Second spin: no bet. And so on until the seventh spin is over.

Now Joe bets on the next (the eighth) spin of the wheel. His Lucky Name Number is 2. There are four numbers on the wheel which correspond to 2: they are 2 (of course); 11 (that's 1 plus 1); 20 (that's 2, add zero); and 29 (that's 2, add 9, equals 11 which is a double figure, so we add 1 and 1, equals 2). Got it?

Joe lays a single chip on 2, 11, 20 and 29. Then he sits back and lets the wheel spin. He stands to win 33 chips. But win or lose, Joe is now going to sit back and let the wheel spin another seven times without a bet. On the eighth spin, he bets again on 2, 11, 20 and 29. And so it goes, keeping an eye on the clock, because at 9 p.m., the number of the hour becomes 4, which alters Joe's Bet Number. It does not, however, alter his Lucky Name Number or the numbers he lays his chips on.

YOUR LUCKY NAME NUMBER	CORRESPONDING ROULETTE WHEEL NUMBERS TO BET ON
1	1, 10, 19, 28
2	2, 11, 20, 29
3	3, 12, 21, 30
4	4, 13, 22, 31
5	5, 14, 23, 32
6	6, 15, 24, 33
7	7, 16, 25, 34
8	8, 17, 26, 35
9	9, 18, 27, 36

Roulette Wheel Numbers Which Correspond to Your Lucky Name Number

Table 2

Now that's not as complicated as it sounds. You're betting on the spins of the wheel spaced apart by your Bet Number, and your chips go down on your Lucky Name Numbers everytime you bet.

The first spin, the one you start counting from, starts as the croupier releases the ball for the first time after you've written down (or mentally calculated) your Bet Number.

Every hour, on the hour, recalculate your new Bet Number. Then start counting the spins of the wheel for the new sequence, exactly as you did when you first started.

This automatic Spell puts you right into your luck patterns: if it's possible to win, you'll win big with that Spell. Give it a whirl—many other people have, and they've been amazed.

Caution

The Powers governing personal gambling luck are easily influenced, but notoriously fickle for that same reason.

It is possible for others involved in a game with you to be—deliberately or unknowingly—using a Spell or Ritual which at that time is more powerful than yours. This will naturally affect, and possibly cancel, your own Magic. In that case—and you will recognize this by the fact that your early bets are losers—leave the arena at once and return at some other, more favorable, time.

Part 2: Three Lusty Spells to Give You Total Physical Satisfaction

THE TANTALIZING NEW-STRENGTH SPELL

Before you retire for the night, place a piece of string about six inches long under your pillow. Perform this Spell just before you fall asleep.

As you relax in bed, turn on your back, straighten your body and slip your right hand under the pillow and touch the string.

Say aloud, (or in your head):

"Powers of Sun and Moon and Light
"Come to me in the still of night."

Pull the string from under your pillow, and hold it in front of your chest as you tie a single knot in it.

Say (or think):

"This knot shall raise me to a peak
"Almighty strong—no longer weak."

Replace the string under your pillow, turn over and go to sleep.

Repeat this procedure on the following two nights. Then on the third morning, take the triple-knotted string from under your pillow and carry it with you wherever you go for the next 28 days.

This Spell works best if you start it on the night of the New Moon.

Alberto D. Regained His Lost Virility and Won the Woman He Desired by Using the Tantalizing New-Strength Spell

Don't tell Alberto D. from Indiana that life begins at 40. His began for him, he says, at 60, and he's looking forward to another half-century of enjoyment, thanks to the powers of Magic.

"I had an active life, and it had its moments," Alberto said. "But

the thing I regretted most was the waning of my ability to keep the ladies interested.

"By my late 50's, I was a frustrated, bent old man, with only memories to sustain me."

Alberto, a widower at 55, lived alone in a small house on the edge of town. Rheumatism gave him chronic pains in winter, and as the years passed his muscles turned to fat.

"I thought it was inevitable," he said, "but that didn't stop my thought processes or natural inclinations. I used to curse at my impotency."

Alberto says, quite openly, that he was in danger of becoming a perverted old man.

"I used to toy with the idea of exposing myself to the little girls as they passed my house," he said. "I was aghast at my ideas. It all stemmed from my waning physical condition, and no pills or vitamins did me any good."

He sent many dollars in answer to advertisements which promised instant potency.

"I took so many pills I almost rattled when I walked," he said. "I bought gadgets, herb teas, electric massagers, and a whole raft of other useless stuff . . . I should have kept the money in my wallet. Not a bit of good, none of it."

Alberto's frustration reached a peak when he became close friends with a widow from across town.

"She was a happy well-adjusted soul," Alberto said. "She had a healthy interest in the opposite sex and didn't care who knew it. Said it was good and natural. I agreed with her, but I knew if we were married, I'd not be able to keep her satisfied."

In total despair, Alberto confided his problem to her.

"She understood completely. Said I wasn't the first man she'd been able to help. After swearing me to secrecy, she explained the Tantalizing New-Strength Spell to me," he said. "I was willing to try anything after the failures I'd had—even if it did seem like useless superstition."

Alberto says he "couldn't have been wronger." Within days after working the Spell he found natural sensations awakening again after years of absence.

"The old glands came to life as if I was a teenager," Alberto

chuckled. "I was almost embarrassed to tell my widow friend, but she was delighted."

Alberto and she are married now, and supremely content.

"No problems for me," Alberto said. "My wife won't be offended if I say I keep her fulfilled and happy as if we were honeymooners in our 20's.

"I've taken out a new lease on life. My rheumatism has gone, and my body's firmed up again like a far younger man. It's like being born again."

THE OCCULT SEDUCTION SPELL

For this Spell to work most efficiently you will need something which has been in contact with the person you wish to seduce. A hair or a fingernail clipping is best. Next best is a cigarette end or a tissue she (or he) has touched. This is called your contact object.

On the night of the New Moon, wait until you're reasonably sure the object of your lust is sleeping. Then sit in a darkened room and hold the contact object in your cupped hands against your breast.

Close your eyes, quietly say the name of the person you're lusting for, and recite:

"Power of lust
"Hear my sign
"Naked feel
"Your flesh to mine."

Really throw your heart and soul into that recitation—give it all you've got. Then wrap your contact object in a tissue and hold it in your hand as you retire for the night.

Carry this out on seven consecutive nights.

THE PSYCHIC SEX-APPEAL SPELL

After dark, turn out the light in your bathroom and stand a single lighted candle in a saucer in the bath.

Find a picture of the person of the same sex as yourself whom you admire most in the world. Fix that picture at eye level on your bathroom mirror, using sticky tape to secure it.

Stand naked in front of the mirror, hands at your sides and feet together. Stare at the picture and say:

"By Powers and Forces from Above
"I take from you the powers of love
"Within myself I feel them grow
"To overcome both friend and foe."

Then look into your own eyes in the mirror. Be relaxed, and blink when you need to—but continue to look into your own eyes for a full two minutes.

Then turn on the light, extinguish the candle, remove the picture from the mirror, and go about your business as usual.

Repeat this Spell as often as you please. Henceforward, when you meet or greet anyone you wish to impress, look at the bridge of his or her nose, between the eyes, for a few seconds. Don't make a big thing of it. If anyone says "What are looking at me like that for?" you're overdoing it.

Lonely Irma J. Found Rich Admirers Flocking to Her After She Worked the Psychic Sex-Appeal Spell

Even though she lived in the most swinging part of San Francisco, Irma J. was desperately lonely.

"I lacked the knack of attracting males," she said. "I'm reasonably together and fairly attractive. I keep myself neat, and I smell good. I can talk intelligently, and I can also cook.

"Yet until last Christmas, I'd never had a steady boyfriend. I used to wonder sadly what was wrong with me."

That's all changed now. Irma is caught up in a whirl of romance, wooed by rich and famous suitors who see her as the most wonderful person on this globe. Two men threatened to fight a duel over her in February and only called it off when she pleaded with them.

What caused this transformation for Irma?

"Magic," she smiled, and she certainly does seem to have a glowing aura as she spins around the city in expensive clothes provided by her admirers, as they take her to luxurious night spots and on vacations to exotic lands, and invite her to share their fabulous lives.

Irma learned the secret from a movie star who is renowned for her money, beauty and varied romances.

"I was a dresser for the star," Irma said. "One day, feeling particularly low, I asked her what I could do to be more attractive to men.

"I thought she'd talk about cosmetics or sex techniques, but she smiled radiantly and said nothing. That night I found a paper tucked inside my purse, telling me how to work the Psychic Sex-Appeal Spell. I wasn't sure if it was a spoof, but if it had worked for the star, I was willing to give it a try."

Irma performed the simple Spell that same evening. Next afternoon the producer of the movie marched into the star's dressing room. He ignored the glittering actress and spoke directly to Irma.

"Fancy a dinner tonight?" he said, "and maybe go on to a floorshow after?"

Irma stammered an acceptance. The star turned glowing eyes on her.

"Doesn't take long to start working does it?" she murmured. "You'll be all right now, dear."

Thus began a round of dates and excitement which left Irma ecstatically limp. She gave up her job as dresser because a famous author was escorting her around town, pandering to her every whim. Clothes and expensive possessions filled her tiny home, and then an oil magnate, visiting the city for a few weeks, gave her a house, no strings attached.

"He said it was because I made him happy just to look at me," Irma said. "It took me a while to adjust, but not too long."

Irma is still choosing which of her many admirers she will favor. Stage stars, millionaires, wealthy industrialists and famous personages are forever dropping by her home. She spends her leisure beside her swimming pool, or being flown around by her personal pilot in her Beechcraft; or perhaps you'll catch a glimpse of her purring by, smothered in jewels, in her air-conditioned Rolls-Royce.

"Perfection," she said. "That's the only word for life now. What a contrast to my previous, drab existence."

Part 3: Three Vigorous Spells to Restore Your Health, Beauty and Potency

Note

These Spells must not be used as a substitute for recognized and regular medical treatment. They should be used only in conjunction with your doctor's diagnoses, recommendations and prescriptions. On no account tell any medical person that you are conducting these Spells, nor, when you are cured, tell anyone that Magic produced the cure.

THE TREMENDOUS BEAUTY-IS-MINE SPELL

During the day, every hour on the hour (provided it is convenient, and you will not attract attention to yourself), close your eyes and turn your face toward the sun. Say (or think):

"Healing rays now begin
"To bring new beauty pouring in."

Spend a few seconds considering how you would like to appear to others. Remember people you have admired, and think about what attributes of theirs would benefit you.

Start this Spell on the day following the Full Moon and continue for 28 days.

How Gertrude O. Used the Tremendous Beauty-Is-Mine Spell to Become Graceful, Beautiful and Desired

If you look closely at Gertrude O. you'll realize that she's something of an ugly duckling. So why do we see her picture in so many fashion magazines? Why is she admired for her poise and attractiveness by famous people? How come she has influential admirers who come running at the crooking of her bejeweled finger?

"She carries a halo of beauty and grace wherever she goes," said a world-renowned New York photographer who adores her. "If you look

at her as a human being, you may think she has faults. But the moment you look into her eyes you know you were wrong—she is Venus personified."

It's less than a year since Gertrude burst onto the scene. Before that she had spent a life of quiet anguish because she had been rejected by the world.

"I married young to a man who deceived me and then threw me out," she said. "I had to try to make my own way in an uncaring world, and I just wasn't ready for that."

Gertrude drifted from one place to another. She was a waitress, a counterhand, a grocery packer, a junior clerk . . . all dead-end jobs which paid for her room but little else.

"I lived out of suitcases, always on the move, looking for someone who cared, and failing to find anyone," she said. "I became apathetic and spent long hours staring at the walls of my room. Week in, week out, no friends, no excitement—nothing but boredom."

Gertrude had reached the depths of black despair when her savior came along in the unlikely shape of a young girl trying to sell magazine subscriptions.

Gertrude said she wasn't interested, but the girl stayed to talk. Gertrude envied the young woman her sparkle and vivacity and finally poured out her troubles.

". . . and no one cares because I'm ugly," she ended up, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

"We're only as ugly as we believe we are, and it's not our physical appearance which people see, it's what shines from inside," the girl said, smiling gently. "I want you to try something you'll perhaps think strange. But give it a chance, and let me know what happens."

The girl instructed Gertrude in the simple techniques of the Tremendous Beauty-Is-Mine Spell. A doubtful Gertrude promised to try it.

"After all, things can't get worse," she said.

The miraculous change took less than two weeks to occur. From the start Gertrude felt more confident, and when male heads began to turn her way, her confidence grew.

"Each day something wonderful happened," she said. "Sometimes a little thing, like a kind word where I'd have been ignored before; at other times bigger things, like a date with a man who'd been looking right through me for months."

Gertrude's popularity snowballed. Soon she was being accom-

panied to all the best places by well-known men. Photographers started selling pictures of her to glossy magazines. Her phone began to ring steadily until she had to have the number changed.

"I've got no words to describe my happiness," she said. "These diamond rings came from men who say I'm their ideal woman. My car was a present from a movie star. Next month I'm going to Japan on a vacation with a top-flight designer who sees me as his perfect partner.

"All I can say is that the Tremendous Beauty-Is-Mine Spell exceeded my wildest dreams with its miracles."

THE STUPENDOUS YOUNG-AGAIN SPELL

Find a photograph of yourself, taken when you were young and healthy.[1] Fill a glass with water and cover it with a saucer. Before noon, stand the glass on a window-sill, preferably south-facing (or north-facing, if you live south of the equator). Choose a clear day when the sun is shining.

At midnight (Full Moon is the best time) sit in a darkened room lit by a single candle on a table in front of you. Place your glass of water on the table to the right of the candle. Remove the saucer.

Relax in your chair, holding the photograph of yourself in both hands in your lap.

Lift the picture until it is illuminated by the light of the candle. Look steadily at the picture and say:

"Time reverse your steady flow,
"In mind and body back I go
"Far in the realms of space and plane
"I drink at the Fountain of Youth again."

Put the picture down to the left of the candle, pick up the glass of water in your right hand and drink the water.

Repeat this Spell daily, as often as you wish.

THE EXCITING BRILLIANCE-FOR-ME SPELL

This Spell works best if it is first worked three days before the Moon is full, on a clear night when you can stand, either outside or at a window, with the moonlight shining on your face.

[1] If you are unable to find such a photograph, use instead a picture of any younger person of your sex who is obviously brimming with health and vitality.

Stare at the silver disc of the Moon and solemnly say:

"Luna, Luna, polished bright
"Clean my mind, my soul, my sight.
"Let a flame of brilliance grow
"All is clear. I see. I know."

Move to a comfortable chair, sit down and relax with your eyes closed for a minute. Then open a *non-fiction* book (not a magazine or a newspaper) at random and read for at least 10 minutes.

Stand up, face the Moon, and say:

"Luna, I thank Thee."

A Slow, Stupid Woman Became the Brilliant Sought-After Wife of a Tycoon After Applying the Exciting Brilliance-For-Me Spell

Some of us are born brilliant. Others have to battle to attain even a modicum of quick-wittedness. Bessie W. became a success the easy way—she used Magic.

"Frankly, I used to be dumb," Bessie said. "Poor memory, slow on the uptake, battling with anything involving facts and figures. I had trouble understanding what people were getting at, even if they used words of one syllable.

"I squeaked through school to the 9th Grade, then quit. All that learning was too much for me."

Bessie moved out into the world, resigned to being one of the less-brilliant.

"Most of the time I was too dumb to realize I was being dumb," she said. "Acquaintances used to get a big kick out of fooling me, and it was all too easy to do that."

As she expected, she never made any great mark in the world, and until she was 27 she quietly plodded on.

"I often yearned for even a tiny spark of brilliance," she said. "I saw less able girls getting ahead, working in places where influential men came their way. Meanwhile I was involved in all kinds of menial jobs, and I didn't figure I'd ever find the kind of friends and partner I was looking for."

Yet Bessie was noticed, by a prominent industrialist. He recognized that she had a beautiful, willing nature, and he invited her to have a meal with him.

"It was a disaster," Bessie said. "He did his best to keep the evening swinging along, but I had nothing to contribute. Most of the subjects he talked about had no meaning to me, and even if I did get a glimmer of understanding on some point, by the time I'd thought up some suitable comment, the conversation had passed on to another subject.

"I just sat looking stunned and wondering what I ought to do. I wished desperately that I had a sharper brain, but it was no good wishing—the evening was ruined."

Later, Bessie had even more reason for sorrow. Her industrialist friend called her and spoke very frankly.

"I was attracted to you by your gentle manner and your personality," he said, "and I was considering asking you to be my personal assistant to travel the world with me. But I'm afraid you didn't quite come up to my standards."

Bessie knew he was refraining from calling her dumb, and she vowed to make changes in herself.

"I was in danger of missing the greatest chance in my life," she said. "But how in the world was I going to change from a slow, plodding person into a brilliant one?"

The answer came out of the blue. One of Bessie's friends passed her the secret in the shape of the Exciting Brilliance-For-Me Spell.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," Bessie said. "I had a simple faith in the Spell, and nothing else I'd tried had been able to change me."

Come forward in time a few months. Bessie is now the center of attention as she travels in high society with her industrialist husband. He is constantly being complimented on his sparkling and talented wife, and the two of them are well-matched as they live a life of opulence and excitement.

"Even though he'd dismissed me from his life after our first date, it didn't take me long to arrange a second meeting," Bessie related. "He was cautious at first—and then amazed. Eventually he asked me if I was the same person he had known before—he had the idea I was my own twin sister!"

Bessie's sparkling wit and wisdom, added to her natural charm and grace which had lain hidden, soon broke down any last barriers of doubt.

"We married. My drab, sad life is gone," Bessie said. "And I owe it all to the Exciting Brilliance-For-Me Spell."

Part 4: Four Dominating Spells to Give You Supreme Command Over Others

Note

If you feel uneasy about using any of these Spells, do not perform them. Use a suitable Ritual instead. More importantly, do *not* reveal by word, glance or deed that you are launching these Spells; as you will learn, there are defences against them, and your victim must be unaware of your intention, otherwise he or she may erect a protection, and your efforts will be wasted.

THE HAUNTING HORROR-PRODUCING SPELL

This Spell will strike unknown fears, anger and faulty judgement into whoever you aim it at. Do not use it on people you have to live with, or you may find their discord disturbing to your own peace of mind.

Carry out this Magic-working a day or two after New Moon when you are aware that your target is sleeping. Lie down on your bed, close your eyes and say:

"The troubles and forces I send to thee
"Shall never return to trouble me."

Now search in your mind for a memory of seeing or meeting the person you wish to work your Magic on. As soon as the memory is clear, say:

"Stir in your sleep and feel the effects
"Of all that I send thee in the Name of this Hex.
"From fiends of your mind shall your consciousness cower,
"Stir in thy brain as I pour in my Power."

As you finish saying the rhyme, recall the most frightening movie you've ever seen, or the scariest TV show you've watched. Then say the name of your target three times.

Follow that by saying:

"Sealed with a Curse as sharp as a knife,
"Doomed are your plans and damned is your life."

Think of wet slimy things, crawling horrors, weird creatures, skeletons and evil smells slipping, slithering and dancing over your target as he or she lies sleeping.

Repeat his or her name three times more. Say:

"So shall it be."

Raise your right arm, point your forefinger at the ceiling and sign your name in the air, as if you were writing on an imaginary blackboard.

Turn over, think happy thoughts for yourself and drift off to sleep.

THE UNSEEN INNER-PLANE-TRAVEL SPELL

This Spell takes you to wherever you wish to be, to find out secrets.

Find a place and time where you can relax, lying comfortably full length. Decide where you wish to be or who you wish to spy on.

Take six slow deep breaths and mentally repeat seven times:

"Distance, darkness, fade away
"I seek the Mystic Traveling Ray.
"Reveal before my mind's bright eye
"The secrets which I wish to spy."

Relax physically, breathe easily and normally and close your eyes if they're not already closed. Think about where you wish to go. If you know the place, recall the last time you were there. If you're looking for a person, remember how that person was the last time you met.

Let your mind float free, think about your destination, and be comfortable. Each time you breathe in say the word "Relax" in your mind, and as you breathe out think the word "Travel." Let things happen, and do not resist the feelings of lightness and swaying which drift through your mind and body.

This Spell will likely take several workings before you get the knack of it, but sooner or later you will find that you *are* where you have been thinking, able to see and hear exactly what's going on there.

When you have found out what you wanted to know, your experience will slip into natural sleep and you will awake refreshed, with clear memories of what you went seeking.

She Uncovered Treachery and Found Her True Love With the Unseen Inner-Plane-Travel Spell

Margaret B. of Louisiana was once a nervous, suspicious woman. Her habit of looking at the dark side of people and events came from an unhappy childhood. She was an orphan and was raised by mean, overbearing foster-parents. She knew little about the finer things of life as she grew up.

She was all too familiar with the pain from beatings, and aching muscles from chopping kindling and scrubbing floors. She knew the loneliness and misery of being kept locked in a basement room, instead of being allowed to play with other children.

At the age of 14 she ran away from home. Even then she found betrayal and fear. Within a week of taking to the road a hobo tried to rape her and stole her blanket and purse.

"Hardly surprising that I withdrew from life," she said. "Eventually, I found a little stability in New Orleans. I was working as a dishwasher in a small Creole restaurant, with a cramped room upstairs where I lived and kept my few belongings."

Making tremendous efforts to throw off the emotional impediments of her past, Margaret responded to the friendly advances of two men who regularly dined at the restaurant.

"Harold was slim, tall, well-dressed and worldly," she said. "On our first date he swept me up in a whirl of gaiety, wined me, dined me, then tried—unsuccessfully—to seduce me. The other man, Ernest, was much more staid, rugged and quiet. He seemed almost morose when we spent an occasional evening together, but he wasn't available too often. As well as wondering if he was a tightwad I also thought he might have other girlfriends, a fact which would account for his frequent absences. Our times together were peaceful, but by no means stimulating."

Meanwhile, Harold laid siege to Margaret. He showered her with gifts, pestered her for dates and showed her places and entertainment she'd only read about. He continued the pressure to take her to bed, but she kept him at arm's length.

"But he was so persistent, I came close to submitting," Margaret said, "especially when he painted glowing pictures of what we would do after we were married."

As her life began to open up, Margaret found time to study and

discovered that she had a consuming interest in the occult and psychic subjects. During her research, she discovered the Unseen Inner-Plane-Travel Spell.

"I found I had a natural talent for it," she said. "After a few tries to get into the swing of it, I was roaming all over the city, picking up information and uncovering secrets—it was tremendous fun."

One night Margaret wondered why Harold had broken a date by telephoning at the last moment.

"I didn't believe his story about having to go out of of town," she said. "So I worked the traveling Spell, and slipped into his apartment. I wasn't in the least surprised to find him at home. Of course, when you're working this Spell you're indetectable and invisible. That was just as well for Harold's peace of mind because I found him with a slim, sexy blonde sitting on his knee. She wasn't fully-dressed by any means when I first arrived, and as I watched in fury, Harold expertly stripped her to the buff."

That was enough for Margaret. She spat at the two-timer when he dropped by the next day to date her.

"He was totally awed when I told him exactly what he was up to," Margaret said. "He snuck away with his tail between his legs."

This proof of duplicity almost made Margaret withdraw into her shell again. She wondered if Ernest, her quiet suitor, was up to similar tricks. Using the Spell again, she slipped unseen into his home.

"I found him sitting alone writing poems about me—telling how he thought he wasn't good enough for me," Margaret said. "I found out, by looking around, that he was studying hard to get promoted. This fact accounted for his absences, and all the time I'd thought that he was dating other girls."

Margaret received Ernest with open arms next time he called. Using her knowledge of his background and inner feelings, she was able to draw him out. A deep love sprang up between them.

"We'll be married soon, when he's passed his final exams," Margaret said. "I'm so happy and peaceful. And I might have made the wrong choice if I hadn't used the Unseen Inner-Plane-Travel Spell.

THE CRUSHING DISHARMONY-EXORCISING SPELL

This spell is designed to produce harmony between people who are at odds with each other. It can be used to such ends as stopping married

couples from quarreling, or promoting mutual admiration between a boss and a worker.

It works best when performed unobtrusively in the presence of the people concerned.

Seat yourself where you can see the disagreeing parties. Look between, not at, them—with your gaze cutting across the emotional vibrations flashing backward and forward between them.

Then calmly think the following words:

> "In the Name above all other Names
> "I bring peace and harmonious aims
> "Replace war and strife
> "With cooperative life
> "Let the discord be burned up in flames."

As you are mentally reciting those words, pretend that a clear white light is shining down, bathing the quarreling parties and yourself in its shaft of brilliance.

Repeat the Spell whenever convenient, until they are harmonious.

How Ian A. Used the Crushing Disharmony-Exorcising Spell to Break a Deadlock and was Richly Rewarded

Life wasn't easy for Ian A. He worked as a janitor in a manufacturing plant in Seattle, Washington. He had a wife and four children, a rented apartment and a car which was suffering from old age and enforced neglect.

"Just to stay ahead I took an evening janitorial job," Ian said. "It meant that my family and I rarely got together. But that was the only way I could keep our heads above water."

So Ian's life was drab, with apparently nothing in the future to change it. He'd been studying various ways and means of improving his lot and had toyed with the idea of learning electronics.

"It was a question of time," he said. "If I took time out for studies, I'd earn less. I figured that adding in the cost of tuition would have had us deeply in debt within half a year."

So Ian looked for other solutions. In his search, he read various books which promised instant relief from troubles.

"Most of them were infantile," he said. "I couldn't believe in

them. One I found in the library had been printed in the 19th century and that suggested using Magic—which everyone knows is superstition."

Little did Ian realize that he was going to use Magic to help himself take a step up in life.

What Ian later called "Miracle Monday" started like an ordinary day. He was going about his cleaning duties, moving from office to office, and he routinely entered a conference room.

"It's a kind of tradition at the plant that no one notices janitors," Ian said. "The top brass have a thing about tidiness, so as well as having the offices cleaned at night, they have regular times for me to empty waste buckets and ashtrays during working hours.

"So there I was quietly cleaning up in the conference room while four of the plant directors were arguing with two visitors whom I didn't recognize."

The visitors were government officials. If the directors and the government men could reach an agreement over their differences, the firm would gain a large contract. But the talks had deadlocked. Neither side could find common ground.

"I felt the tension in the air, and one of the strangers stood up abruptly, snapping his briefcase closed. He said 'If that's your final answer, gentlemen, we may as well stop wasting our time,' and the directors mumbled uncomfortably," Ian said. "I'd heard rumors of a contract which was going to save the company from going broke—and if it went broke, I'd be out of work."

Ian stood quietly at the end of the room with his broom and duster in his hand. Suddenly, the words of the Crushing Disharmony-Exorcising Spell flashed into his mind. It was one of the Spells he'd read and sneered at in the 19th Century book. Without further thought he focused his attention on the men and repeated the words mentally.

The change was amazing. One of the directors smiled, made a remark about compromise, and the government man relaxed and sat down again.

"I couldn't stay any longer," Ian said, "but they reached agreement very soon after that. I saw them come out of the room, all smiles and shaking hands. The news went round like wildfire."

The happy result was that as part of the new flush of prosperity in the plant, Ian received a substantial raise and was able to cut back on his workload, easing his life considerably.

He's now training for an electronics career, and the future looks much rosier for him and his family.

"All from thinking a simple rhyme," Ian said. "That Spell sure is powerful: I use it quite a bit now, to keep the kids from fighting and to stop my mother from chewing off my wife's ear."

THE STAGGERING RETURN-EVIL-TO-SOURCE SPELL

This ancient Spell must be used only to avenge injuries or hurts which have been done to you. That is the *only* reason for working this Spell. If you use it against people you are jealous of, or simply because you dislike them, you stray away from the purpose of this Spell. It is designed to send the effects of the evil eye, Black Magic and hexes straight back to the person who is aiming them at you. What is being wished upon you will then happen to the sender instead. Work it when the Moon is full.

Take an apple and a sharp knife and place them on a table on each side of a candle. The knife should be on the right and the apple on the left. An ordinary white candle will do, but you can add greater power to the Spell if you use a brown one.

Sit at the table and concentrate on the person who is hexing you as you light the candle.

Say: "Gadriel, I call Thee."

Pronounce His Name "Gah-Dree-Ale," emphasizing the first syllable.

Pick up the knife and cut the apple in half with one firm stroke, saying: "As this fruit is cut in two, so shall your evil return to you."

Say the name of your tormentor as you then extinguish the candle. Eat some of each piece of the apple, then bury the pieces of core, either in your garden or in the earth of a potted plant. If you have neither, throw the core into the garbage.

As you dispose of the core, say: "The torments being sent to me shall now return to . . ." (Again say the name of your tormentor.)

As the core rots away, your enemy will find that the evil Magic is being directed straight back to him or her. May it be enjoyed!

Part 5: Three Personal Spells to Change Your Relationships for the Better

THE NEW OPPOSITION-BEGONE SPELL

Here we have a Spell which knocks down general oppositions. If your life is not going ahead exactly as you would wish, yet you can't put your finger on what's wrong or who is standing in your way, this Spell may well open surprising avenues for you.

On the night of the New Moon, sweep under or around your bed and collect a little dust. Lay it carefully in the center of a piece of plain white paper on a table where one candle burns. Put out all other lights.

Sit at the table and look at the flame of the candle.

Quietly say (or think):

"As this candle burns
"As this planet turns
"As this dust is scattered
"My oppositions shatter."

As you finish saying the rhyme, carefully pick up the paper and blow the dust out of an open window.

Close the window, return to your seat at the table, look into the flame again and say:

"Each day shall dawn
"With a trouble gone.
"As fades this flame
"My troubles the same."

As you reach the word "same," blow the candle out. Sit for a minute in the dim before you switch on any light.

Repeat this Spell whenever you feel so inclined.

Unobtrusive and Shy, Patrick O. Went to the Top of His Profession After Performing the New Opposition-Begone Spell

Patrick O. had always been too shy and retiring to make any great impression on the world. He had good ideas, great ambitions, but he lacked the push to put them into operation.

"If anyone looked at me crooked, I'd shrink inside and go away," he said. "It made me bitter and tense—angry at myself for backing down. Yet there was nothing I could do about it."

Stomach pains took Patrick to the doctor. Tension ulcers were diagnosed. Patrick began smoking too much, and he developed a hacking cough. Gradually he became more and more morose.

"I was working as a coffee-machine salesman," he said. "New accounts were few and far between. No one wanted to deal with the wheezing, frowning, surly guy I'd become.

"I was headed for a short life of sickness, pain and frustration unless I could change."

In his lonely spare time, Patrick invented and patented a gadget which would radically improve the machines he was installing and servicing.

"It would cost money to tool up and make, but the long-term savings would be immense," he said. "All I had to do was sell the idea to my bosses, and I would be made for life on the royalty payments."

Patrick bungled his big chance. Gathering his courage together, he tried to present his invention to the managers of his company. His shyness made him say the wrong things.

"Like an idiot I started by talking about the costs," he said. "That was a big error. The managers didn't want to hear about spending extra money. I should have begun by showing them what they would save.

"But true to form, as soon as they started opposing me, I packed up my case and walked out."

Patrick confided his troubles to his sister that evening. She told him to keep quiet and listen to her, even if he thought she was handing him a line of garbage.

"If they agreed with you, then you wouldn't walk out. You'd be able to complete your demonstration, right?" she said. "So try the New Opposition-Begone Spell and see what happens. I know you don't have a grain of faith in that kooky stuff, but let me tell you it works."

It took a while to convince Patrick, but when he found out he could perform the Spell in private, he grudgingly promised to try it.

A week later, Patrick was ready to present his scheme again. After the previous fiasco, he expected to get even more opposition from his bosses.

"Was I ever wrong," he said. "The managers received me affably and listened without interrupting. That gave me confidence, and by the time I was through I thought they were going to applaud."

From then on, Patrick was on his way up. The invention was produced, installed, and profits grew—along with Patrick's bank balance—and he was promoted to area manager to supervise his invention.

"My ulcers are gone, I'm happy and content," he said. "I work shorter hours for far more money. I've indulged myself in a quadrophonic stereo, a new car, a color television, a new home—the whole works.

"Naturally, a lot of new friends have come my way now that I'm not such a sullen dog. I've recently gotten engaged to a beautiful woman. Life's very sweet. I'm still shy when people oppose me—but if there's any sign of that, I work the New Opposition-Begone Spell, and everything's fine again."

THE SHATTERING PARTNERSHIP-DISRUPTION SPELL

This vigorous little Spell is useful for breaking up undesirable partnerships. Perhaps you disapprove of one of your children's friends; maybe the love of your life is engaged to a rival and you feel you should separate them; or perhaps the disruption of a business partnership may seem to offer you advantages.

Note

Marriages made before God have powerful Magical bonds which are extremely strong unless both partners agree to break them. Trying to disrupt an existing marriage by Magic is not only close to impossible, it's hazardous.

Obtain pictures of the parties you wish to separate. If they are together in one picture, so much the better. If you have two separate pictures, set them side by side and fix them together with transparent tape. If you are totally unable to obtain pictures, draw a sketch of them on paper. It doesn't matter whether or not you're artistic: only you are

going to see the sketches, and you are aware of what the pictures are meant to represent. To further identify the sketches, write the names of the people under your drawings of them.

Two days after the Full Moon, at sunset, sit facing west with the picture (or pictures) on a table in front of you, along with a pair of scissors.

Hold the scissors closed, points upward, in front of your chest in your right hand. Say:

> "These blades are together as are . . . and . . . (Here, say the names of the people involved in the partnership you wish to see broken).

Open the scissors, still with the points upward, and say:

> "These blades move apart, as shall . . . and . . . (again, name the people).

Now cut the photograph(s) or drawing into two separate pieces, so that the people shown are broken apart. Spear one piece on each blade of the scissors. Hold the scissors with both hands, points upward, with the pictures impaled on them. Say:

> "Cut apart. Cut asunder.
> "Cut apart above and under.
> "Broken shall these partners be
> "By reason of the Powers of Three."

Take the pieces of photograph or paper, slide them together and cut them three times. Drop some of the pieces on the floor to your left and the rest to your right. Say:

> "Sun sink down below the rim
> "Moon is waning back to dim,
> "Turn the Cosmic Wheels of thought,
> "The partnership shall fade to naught."

Stand up, pick up the pieces of picture and throw them in the garbage. Repeat the Spell on any convenient evening while the Moon is waning from Full toward New.

THE MIGHTY ATTACKERS-CONFUSION SPELL

If you have people who are making your life uncomfortable through no fault of your own, then this Spell will confuse the minds of your enemies and their attacks will lose direction and force.

Take a piece of string about 12 inches long. Hang it out in the open for 24 hours. If it is within sight of your enemies as they pass by, so much the better.

At 8 p.m. on a convenient evening, sit yourself down alone, facing—as near as you can judge—toward your principle enemy's residence or room.

Tie a knot near the end of the string, and say:

"Bind and twist; twist and bind,
"This knot shall enter in her (his) mind."

Repeat this at 9 p.m. and 10 p.m., tying a new knot each time. Put the string outside again.

Carry out the Spell the following evening at the same times. Your string will now have six knots in it.

On the next evening, tie three more knots at the same hours, reciting the couplet as before.

When you have tied the ninth knot, tie the two ends of the string together. Take the twisted loop to a window and throw it out, saying:

"Twined and tied; tied and twined,
"Thoughts are twisted in her (his) mind.
"As this twister rots away,
"Shall her (his) reason lose its sway."

You will, of course, have been using the appropriate pronoun where the rhymes say "her" or "his." Once you have worked the Spell on your chief enemy, work it again on lesser foes.

She Confounded Her Lying Relatives by Performing the Mighty Attackers-Confusion Spell

The only thing widowed Freda I. wanted was peace and quiet in her tiny home in Virginia. In her old age she lived a frugal life, tending her little garden, and enjoying happy memories of the past.

The clouds in Freda's life were her relatives. Freda's husband had left her reasonably well provided for: although she was by no means wealthy, she would never starve or lack for food and shelter.

This aroused the jealousy of her elder brother and sister, Jake and Annie. Those two had led wild and profligate lives and were deeply in debt. They owned no property, and they lived together in a shabby rented apartment.

They cast covetous eyes at Freda's comfort, and quite openly announced that they hoped she would die so that they could inherit her property and small annuity. Despite the antipathy in the family, Freda felt devotion toward her sister and brother and was quite prepared to leave them what she had if she should pass on first. But in the meantime she wanted to enjoy the comfort she had earned.

That wasn't good enough for Annie and Jake. They began plotting to get Freda's home for themselves.

"They went to a lawyer and told him I was going soft in the head," Freda said. "They wanted me put into a senior citizens' home so that they could move into my little house."

Freda was forced to defend herself against this unfounded claim, and investigation proved that she was perfectly able to take care of herself.

"But it was a nuisance and upset the harmony of my life," Freda said. "Then Jake started secret harassing tactics. He would get unsavory friends of his to call me up at all hours of the night, just to get me out of bed. Then he persuaded a gang of greasy bikers to ride up and down the road, disturbing me."

All manner of dirty tricks were played on Freda. Her neat garden was ruined when a large dog was dumped over her gate one evening. Delivery men brought pizzas, flowers, chicken dinners and other items which Freda hadn't ordered.

"It was awful," she said. "I got so my heart leapt into my throat whenever the phone rang or when anyone knocked on my door.

"The climax came when someone hurled stones through my windows and threw mud all over the front of my house."

Freda was well aware of the source of this harassment, but unless she could catch her brother and sister in the act, neither she nor the police could do anything.

"I reached the end of my patience and decided to use the Powers of Magic to help me," Freda said. "I knew that Magic must not be used to hurt just for the sake of hurting, but my defense was fully justified."

Calling on knowledge which her grandmother had passed on to her, Freda performed the Mighty Attackers-Confusion Spell.

"My home was quiet again almost at once," Freda related. "I began hearing news of Annie and Jake. They were behaving strangely and had no time to harass me because of their own problems."

Jake lost his job first, because he became addicted to rum. Annie, who had been working as a clerk in a grocery store, was let go after she suddenly found she was unable to add up columns of figures correctly. Then the two of them were evicted from their apartment because of their quarreling and fighting.

"If they hadn't been so antagonistic toward me, I could have felt sorry for them," Freda said. "Nothing they did went right. Jake aged rapidly and could be seen shambling about town muttering at invisible tormentors. Annie was no better—she became paranoid and decided that everyone she met was trying to poison her.

"Eventually the authorities stepped in. The two of them got the treatment they'd tried to lay on me. The last I heard of them, they were shut away from society in a mental asylum."

Freda lives peacefully again now and is enjoying her harmonious existence.

"And if anyone else ever gets the idea of disturbing me," she said, "I'll use the Mighty Attackers-Confusion Spell. That'll fix 'em."

Part 6: Five Practical Spells to Aid You in Your Job or Business Dealings

THE INSTANT BUSINESS-SUCCESS SPELL

Take three single cents and wrap them in a cloth, saying:

"Money, money, let us see
"Your powers flow from you to me."

Place the coins on a table and extend your writing hand above them, fingers together, palm down. Close your eyes and then point the forefinger of the same hand and write a large dollar sign three times in the air in front of you.

Say:

"Golden showers, see them clear,
"They grow and never disappear."

Open your eyes and unwrap the coins, saying:

"These cents shall symbolize for me
"A growing trade. So shall it be."

Mount the three coins on a triangular piece of cardboard or wood, and place them unobtrusively near your desk or cash drawer.

Never draw attention to them, but if someone asks what they are, you may say: "They're my good luck pieces."

THE ANCIENT FAME-AND-HONORS SPELL

Use this Spell only if you are prepared to back it up with action. When it works, you will be required to appear in front of the public, to speak to reporters and television interviewers, and to make speeches. Fame and honors carry responsibilities—make sure you're ready for them before you use this Spell to bring them to you.

You will need a head-and-shoulders photograph of yourself for this Spell, preferably a picture where you are looking directly at the camera.

As the New Moon is rising, sit alone in a darkened room with your photograph on a table in front of you. Light two candles, one on each side of the photograph.

Stare fixedly at the picture of yourself, and say:

"By the Powers that govern
"By the Force of the Name,
"In the Sphere of Abraxas
"I demand I find fame."

Continue to stare at the eyes in the photograph until it seems to float in a gray mist. Say: "ABRAXAS. ABRAXAS. ABRAXAS." (Pronounced "Ah-Bracks-Ass," emphasis on second syllable.)

Extinguish the candles. Lift your head, close your eyes, and stare *through* your eyelids. Sit perfectly still and feel a tingling begin in your fingers and hands, which should be resting in your lap.

Raise your hands in front of you, fingers spread, palms turned toward your face.

Say:

"These hands, this mind and this body shall, in the name of Abraxas, attract honors and fame. So shall it be."

Replace your hands in your lap and relax for a minute. Then stand and announce what fame and honors you are seeking, just as if you were introducing yourself to an audience of thousands.

Repeat this Spell each evening and during your day-to-day life; be prepared to accept the opportunities which Fate offers you. Hanging back at any time will mitigate the force of the Spell and delay its results.

The Ancient Fame-and-Honors Spell Brought Rachel H. From Obscurity to Illustrious Wealth

Despite her deep blue eyes and attractive personality, Rachel H. had missed out on good fortune in her 50 years on earth.

"I'd always longed to be recognized, but I found my chances slipping away," she said. "I've got a talent for organizing, and when given the opportunity I can talk with conviction, marshaling my facts well."

Rachel had nursed a desire to enter politics for years. She watched the efforts of her local politicians and knew that if she could only break in, she could help run her city to the greater benefit of the residents.

"But my schemes stayed in my mind," she said. "Before I could put them into practice, I had to reach a position of power."

Magic came to her aid. Rachel, who was constantly seeking new interests, attended a lecture given by a traveling English author.

"He spoke of the miracles which could be achieved by focusing Cosmic Powers," Rachel said. "It sparked my imagination, and I arranged to meet him after his lecture."

The result of their talk was that Rachel agreed to give the Ancient Fame-And-Honors Spell a chance to change her life.

"Mind you, I was skeptical," she said. "I'm very open-minded, but this seemed to be the stuff which delusions are built of. But I thought it would do no harm, and it didn't take up much time."

Three days was all it took for Rachel to realize that the Spell was more than an old superstition.

"I had gone along to listen to a meeting of the city council. They were discussing zoning regulations and the public were invited to comment," she said. "Did I comment! I hardly believed it myself. There I was, standing up among all those people, telling them where I thought they were wrong, and—more importantly—what they should do instead.

"Before the meeting ended they'd voted on and adopted several of my suggestions. And as I was leaving, the chairman of the building committee button-holed me and said that the city needed people like myself: would I join his committee if he made the arrangements?"

Rachel grabbed the opportunity with both hands. Soon she was chairperson of the committee and was sitting in on other steering groups. Local election time came. Rachel found a startling response to her one-woman election campaign. She ran for a position against opponents who had been traditional shoo-ins for years.

"I won a landslide victory," Rachel said. "My life, previously a tedious struggle, became a stimulating and busy one. More importantly, I was shaping my city to give benefit to those who deserved it."

Today Rachel is recognized as a power in her community. She is constantly requested to air her views before commercial and political

organizations. She is associated with influential and famous people, and her words are constantly reported in the newspapers.

"I'm helping others in these troubled times," she said. "You've no idea how ultimately satisfying it is. And of course there are many other advantages: extra money and knowing that people look up to you. I'm certainly amazed and pleased at how my life changed from frustration to complete stimulation and satisfaction with the Ancient Fame-And-Honors Spell."

THE FANTASTIC WIN-AT-LAW SPELL

Perform this Spell at midnight before any Court appearance.

Place the papers associated with your legal battle on a table. Place a candle to the right of them.

Exactly at midnight light the candle. Sit at the table and as the candle burns up brightly, study the flame closely.

When it is burning clearly and steadily, stare into the flame. Lay your writing hand on the papers and think about whatever result you are hoping for. Then say:

"Rash of Mithra hear me!
"My cause is right and true,
"Influence the powers that judge,
"I ask this boon of you."

Stand up and walk three times round your chair, to the right. Sit down again, lay your hand on the papers and stare into the candle flame. The flame will be moving now: sit still until it steadies, then say:

"Rash of Mithra, I thank Thee for Thy aid against ....."
(Name your opponents).

Extinguish the candle, turn on the lights and before the candle cools, carefully pour a little of the liquid wax onto a piece of plain paper. Fold the paper and let it cool before putting it under your pillow for the night.

In the morning write the name 'RASH OF MITHRA' on the paper and keep it with you during the day. Keep it out of sight, however, and destroy it after your law case is settled.

She Was In Danger of Losing Everything In an Apparently Hopeless Legal Battle Until She Worked the Fantastic Win-At-Law Spell

Hazel M. sat across the desk from her serious, somber-eyed lawyer and listened in horror to his words. She was about to lose her home, all her belongings, her small bank-balance . . . everything she and her husband had slaved so hard to put away for their old age.

"The law is very clear on this point," the lawyer said gravely. "Through no fault of your own, the plaintiff can dispossess you completely, and you haven't a leg to stand on. I'll do my best for you, but you must be prepared for the worst."

The case had arisen during bankruptcy proceedings against Hazel's husband. For 25 years he had published a small weekly newspaper in their East Coast hometown, but competition from the powerful dailies and rising costs had finally driven the little newspaper to bankruptcy.

To their utter dismay, Hazel and her husband found that an important clause had been omitted from the legal papers when the publication was launched years before.

"Your creditor is not restricted to claiming the assets of the newspaper," their lawyer said. "He can also lay claim to all your personal possessions. Any property, land, furnishings, jewelry and all other items of value you own can be taken from you.

"And if he wants to make an issue out of it, your creditor can also legally claim a large proportion of any money either of you may earn in the future until the full amount is paid."

The case was to come before the Court the following day. The plaintiff, a printer, was openly saying that he would squeeze every last cent from the claim. Hazel knew the reason: a few years previously, her husband had fearlessly published a series of factual articles on swindling and price gouging by local stores. The printer had been one of the people fingered, and he had nursed a grudge ever since.

That night Hazel shut herself away in the bedroom for a while. She wouldn't tell her husband what she was doing, and he was too deeply worried to insist on knowing.

The Court proceedings seemed as if they would be brief. All creditors had sympathetically accepted an offer from the foundering newspaper, except for the printer who was determined to get his pound of flesh.

Hazel sat listening to the lawyers making their presentations. The exchanges were too technical for Hazel to understand. She sat, hardly daring to hope, as the proceedings dragged on.

Suddenly the courtroom was in an uproar. Her husband grabbed her in his arms. "I don't believe it!" he was yelling. "I just don't believe it."

Their lawyer was equally dumbfounded.

"Don't give me any credit," he muttered. "I was merely trying to salvage something for you by arousing the sympathy of the Court. The plaintiff has withdrawn his claim, and he's offered to subsidize your newspaper so that you can publish again."

Hazel and her husband are happy again. The resultant publicity caused the circulation to soar by 50 percent when the presses rolled for the little paper the following week. Within a year Hazel was able to see their lifetime dream rebuilt: money in the bank, and a secure future.

"Naturally, we've plugged that legal loophole which nearly swept us to disaster," Hazel said. "But to this day my husband doesn't know what I did the night before we appeared in Court. I worked the Fantastic Win-At-Law Spell, and it certainly seemed to come up trumps for us."

THE GLORIOUS MOVE-UP-IN-LIFE SPELL

Like similar Spells, you must know what you want to be or where you want to go before you apply the powerful Magic described here. There is no need for you to know *how* this will be accomplished—let the Cosmic Powers look after that—but you must formulate clear ideas of what you wish to accomplish.

Once you have decided what your move up in life is going to be, collect three or four photographs (probably cut out of newspapers or magazines) of people enjoying the conditions which you're aiming to reach.

On any night when the Moon is between New and Full—that is, waxing—lay your photographs on a table. Place a large pinch of salt on a piece of paper to the left of the pictures, and a candle to the right.

Arrange things so that as you sit before the table you are facing east.

Light the candle, extinguish all other lights, and sit down at the table. Look toward the eastern horizon. There will probably be a wall of

the room in the way, but stare through it as if you were watching a scene far away from you.

Say:

"O Spiritual Sun whose visible symbol
"Rises from this place,
"Witness my desire to rise and shine
"On those below, as does your face."

Look down at the pictures. Examine them, lean forward and breathe on them. Pick up a pinch of salt and sprinkle it over the pictures, saying:

"Creature of Earth, adore these beings.
"Link my destiny with theirs.
"Offer chances to me—which I promise to take,
"To move forward and upward toward my desires."

Continue to study the pictures closely. Take in every detail, then sit back and close your eyes. Stand up slowly and raise your arms to their fullest extent above your head, fingers apart and your palms facing forward. Say:

"I call on the Lords of Karma
"To hear my demand.
"Give me the chances
"And I'll take command."

Sit down again, put your hands in your lap. Open your eyes and extinguish the candle. Sit quietly in the dark for a few minutes pretending that you have already moved up in life as you requested. Plan what you will do with your life when your desires have been granted.

Repeat this Spell three times more before the Moon is Full.

How Danny U. Soared From a Dull Routine Job to Riches and Authority by Using the Glorious Move-Up-In-Life Spell

Danny U. knew perfectly well that if the right people noticed him, he would escape from his routine work as a mailman and become rich and powerful. The only question was how?

His job kept him busy, so he had little time to cultivate the right contacts or to move into the spotlight of authority. Yet he yearned for the sweet life which money and power could bring to him.

He aired his ambitions one day to an old lady who lived alone in a mansion on the outskirts of town and always welcomed him when he delivered mail, occasionally inviting him to stay for coffee.

"I was like you, a long time ago," the old lady told Danny. "And being a woman it was hard for me. If you weren't born into wealth, or married to a rich husband, society frowned on you for wanting to make your own way.

"But I did it—and so can you, if you'll dismiss your inevitable doubts."

She went on to describe the powers of Magic which she had learned from a famous mystic in the early part of this century.

"She made it sound so logical that I agreed to use the Glorious Move-Up-In-Life Spell," Danny said. "It would cost me nothing but a few minutes of my time, and if it did for me what it did for her, I'd be supremely satisfied."

You should see Danny today. He is chauffeured in a red Mercedes from his estate to his substantial offices where his brokerage business is run for him by a loyal staff. His investments are followed by rich financiers, and his regular cocktail parties are attended by society belles and opulent captains of industry.

"What a fantastic change," Danny said. "As soon as I worked the Glorious Move-Up-In-Life Spell, doors began to open. I hit a bonanza of abundance, and I found well-heeled backers willing to put money into every project I suggested."

Danny spends half the year following the sun with a happy crowd of plutocrats like himself. He's adored by pretty starlets and admired by his associates.

"Was I once a humble mailman?" Danny grinned. "I guess I was, but you'd never know it if you could see me now."

THE WONDERFUL MONEY-AID SPELL

Obtain the largest denomination dollar bill you can afford. Take an envelope, fold the bill once and seal it inside the envelope.

Keep the envelope in the same room with you at all times for the next seven days.

At convenient times, as often as you wish, place the envelope against your forehead and say (or think):

"Occult powers to me shall bring
"The way to double this sum.
"Hear me, thou Cherubim which sing,
"Quickly and softly come."

As you move the envelope away from your forehead, pretend that it is heavier and bulkier than before. Think about what you need extra cash for, and exactly how much you want. Then dismiss the Spell from your mind until you are ready to repeat it.

Be totally alert during your day-to-day life for every opportunity offered to you which will enhance your worth.

At the end of seven days, unseal the envelope and either spend the money on essentials or put it back in the bank. If you need to repeat the Spell, use a different bill.

The Wonderful Money-Aid Spell Produced an Affluent Partner to Help Zoe T. Turn Her Tiny Business into a Financial Empire

Zoe T.'s yacht, airplane, diamond bracelets, emerald rings, platinum watches, Paris gowns, Swedish furnishings, rare paintings and priceless antiques are only the visible signs of her stimulating life. Behind those glittering trappings of wealth you find a smiling, glowing woman who has found her niche in life.

"To look at me you'd never know I was a sickly pauper—and not so long ago, either," she said. "I was one of those people born below the breadline with no prospects of ever leaving a life of hunger, squalor and adversity.

"Before I was out of my teens I nursed a hopeless desire to move into the excitement of high society. I knew I could buy my way in, as many people have done, but money was more than a problem at that time—it was a constant battle to find enough shelter, a little food and secondhand clothes, just enough to keep body and soul together. Life was so futile I often wondered why I kept on fighting."

Zoe went a further step down when she was stricken with bronchitis and asthma, the results of her enforced neglect of herself.

"I lay for weeks in a miserable charity ward," she said. "As I

struggled back to a semblance of health, I swore I would make money some how."

But no matter how bright her dream, how ambitious her plans, Zoe found the harsh realities of a world which cared little for a destitute young woman with only a fierce determination to sustain her.

"Yet despite everything being against me, I managed to start a spare-time business selling household items from door-to-door," she said. "I had to fit it in between the work I was doing as a waitress, and I was unable to expand because of lack of capital and time."

Fate saw a client leave some papers on a table in the restaurant where Zoe worked.

"Before I returned them to the address on the first page I scanned the papers," Zoe related. "They were a rough draft of a book on Magic. I giggled with disbelief when I read something called the Wonderful Money-Aid Spell. It seemed ridiculous."

Some of Zoe's doubts faded when she met the author of the papers. He handed her a $100 bill as a reward.

"I write purely for fun and let Magic make sure I've got enough money," he said, just before gliding away in his luxurious limousine. "It works, you know."

Unconvinced but intrigued, Zoe tried the Wonderful Money-Aid Spell. She was startled at the prompt results. Her very first contact the next day was with a prosperous bachelor whose interest was caught by her products and her enterprise.

Before a month had passed, not only had the man put up thousands of dollars to expand Zoe's business, but a deep and abiding love had sprung up between them.

A year later they married. Since Zoe found the work so personally satisfying, her husband insisted that she retain control of her growing business. She was soon able to sell franchises and brought cash flowing in.

"My poverty-stricken past is locked away now," she said. "I've been able to buy every last thing I've ever desired. With the Wonderful Money-Aid Spell, I sure struck it rich, both cashwise and emotionally."

Part 7: Six Exclusive Spells to Solve Your Life Problems

THE STARTLING COME-FROM-ABOVE SPELL

This Spell calls disembodied entities from the Inner Planes to assist you. While the forces you are commanding are good and helpful, I suggest you practice with other Spells and Rituals before you try this one. It can produce results which are startling to people who have never investigated occult areas.

Also, if you have ever had psychiatric treatment for delusions, illusions, voices in your head or any other hallucinatory tendencies, I advise you not to use this Spell: not because of any danger, but simply because the results will be unreliable for you.

The best time to work this Spell is on the night of the Full Moon, between midnight and 1 a.m. You will also get satisfactory results between 9 p.m. and midnight on Sundays.

Preparations are simple, but you need to ensure silence with no interruptions. How you manage that is up to you: if you find yourself constantly interrupted when you attempt this Spell, you should recognize that mystic reasons are the cause. Probably you should attempt some other means of finding what you seek—take a look at the other Spells and Rituals: you'll surely find something to fit your requirements.

Note

If your doctor advises you that deep breathing is dangerous for you (and that will usually apply to anyone who has a heart condition); or if at any time during this Magic-working you become dizzy or see spots dancing before your eyes, do not continue with this Spell.

First memorize the following invocation, because you need to be able to repeat it with your eyes closed:

"I seek the good spirits of the Inner Planes
"The information I receive will be used only for good.
"I ask that honest spirits communicate with me.
"Grant that I shall gain truth and understanding from them."

Lie down comfortably on your bed with your head to the north if possible. Close your eyes. Breathe deeply for several minutes. As you inhale, think the word "Relax" and each time you exhale think "Deeper". Keep this going until the tingling which will begin in your hands goes away.

Let your breathing return to normal, and then say the above invocation three times, in your mind, not aloud.

Then, quietly, say the Angelic Name HAHAIAH, which is pronounounced "Ha-ha-ee-yah" with the emphasis on the second syllable. Repeat the Name about 10 times, then lie quietly for a few minutes.

Let your brain idle. Stay relaxed and listen to the silence. Particularly listen for faint whispers or rustling which may reach you.

Then, in your mind, ask a question. One question, briefly and concisely. Make it a serious question—nothing flippant. If you make fun of the entities during this Spell, you'll merely get confusing replies.

So state the question in your mind, and then let your brain go quiet again. Pay attention to the tiniest wisps of sound, voices or murmurs which occur around you. If you cannot distinguish words, quietly think: "Repeat, please."

Then lie still again and listen. Now, if no sounds reach you, *try listening to your mind.* Sometimes the communicating entity will "talk" to you by inserting a train of thought into your mind. So after you request the repetition, be aware of answers coming into your mind as thoughts of unknown origin.

You are opening up a channel of communication which has likely been closed off for years, so this Spell may take a few workings before the "line" is clear, as "tuning in" can take a little while. But once you have built a firm contact, you will be given startling knowledge by this means.

How Stan R. Used a Spirit Helper to Satisfy His Secret Ambition with the Startling Come-From-Above Spell

Twelve months ago Stan R. of Portland, Oregon, scoffed at the idea of a spirit world of departed souls who can help us here on earth.

"To tell the truth I was scared of such freaky ideas," he said. "I now know that benevolent forces exist which are willing to help if they are called in the right way."

Stan had nursed an ambition to be a writer for years. He'd made a few attempts to break into print but all he received were rejection slips and refusals.

"After a while I decided I just wasn't cut out to be an author, and I resigned myself to the factory job I was holding down. It paid the rent, but it had precious few prospects, and it was boring, without interest," he said. "That went on for a year or two until one fine day I was browsing through a library, and I found a book which explained the spirit world. I started something of a hobby, reading and studying the subject, and I visited the local Spiritualist Churches to learn about their beliefs."

During a lecture by a guest speaker at one of the churches, Stan was fascinated to hear the speaker maintain that anyone could call on good spirits for information and aid.

"One of the methods he described used the Startling Come-From-Above Spell," Stan said. "I took to it like a duck to water, and the help I found was the making of a new life for me."

Stan's working of the Spell opened a line of communication with the spirit world which set him typing furiously.

"Out of nowhere I hit a mother lode of inspiration," he said. "In the quiet of my room, an endless flow of words reached me. I realized they formed the beginning of a suspense story."

Stan switched on his tape recorder, and as the words came to him, he dictated them into the microphone. He was given to understand that this first piece of writing was to make some quick money so that he could stop work and write other more profound books.

Within three weeks he had 65,000 words on tape. He typed them up and mailed the manuscript to the publisher his inspirational source had suggested.

In return, Stan received an enthusiastic letter from the publisher with a contract, a request for "More! More! More like that!" and an advance payment check which enabled Stan to be free of the need to work for a full year.

"During that time I wrote three books at once," Stan said. "It was fascinating to be able to dictate a chapter for each, one after the other, type them up, and then receive the next installments. I was forever wondering what was coming next."

Stan never had to return to his dull factory work again. He enjoys the pleasure, fame and wealth which come from being a world-

renowned author. New cars, trips to South America, an island in the sun . . . anything he fancies, Stan is able to indulge in now.

"I'm so prolific from my spirit sources that I use a dozen pen-names and never use my own," he said. "That was a great day for me when I started in on the Startling Come-From-Above Spell."

THE EXPANSIVE BRING-ME-EXCITEMENT SPELL

If your life is dull and uninteresting, this is the Spell which can alter all that.

You will need to collect some things which you associate with stimulating conditions. If you are looking for stage entertainment, then used movie or theater ticket stubs are what you should seek. If you want to travel, then bus, train or plane tickets are your goal. Want to be invited to parties? Find some party favors or similar mementoes. The whole idea is to accumulate items which have been involved with the excitement you lack.

Carry out this Spell at any time, noon or night. Arrange your "excitement items" in a two-foot circle on the floor. Dress yourself in clothes appropriate to the entertainment you seek and try to include at least one garment of red or orange. For example, if it's a ball game you're looking for, dress yourself for a stay in the bleachers; traveling—suitable outdoor clothes; and if skinny-dipping is your target . . . well, you've got no problem about what to wear for that!

Stand in the circle of "excitement items," facing east. Stand up straight with your hands loose at your sides. Say:

> "In the Names of Cassiel and Shatiel, bring excitement into my life."

Turn around to your right so that you are facing west. Raise your right hand and point your forefinger upward. Say:

> "Hear me call, hear my plea,
> "Stimulation come to me."

Turn to your right again until you are facing east. Lower your hand to your side. Say:

> "I ask this in the Names of Cassiel, who knows of solitude, and Shatiel, who knows of silence."

Those Angelic Names are pronounced "Kah-See-Ale" and "Shah-Tee-Ale," both with the emphasis on the third syllable.

Bend down and pick up the "excitement items" and put them on a shelf where you can see them. Repeat this Spell for the next six days, or until life has become stimulating enough for you—whichever comes first.

The Expansive Bring-Me-Excitement Spell Gave Her Every Pleasure She Had Been Lacking

Dull, empty and uninteresting described the life of divorcee Jane E. until a short while ago. See her now—vivacious, laughing, caught up in a round of gaiety and stimulating entertainment, her joy shining from her bright eyes which were sad and lack-luster until she called on the Expansive Bring-Me-Excitement Spell.

"I guess I'd forgotten what living was all about," she said. "I was only half-alive. Everything had lost its savor for no reason I could fathom. The phone never rang, and my friends had drifted away from me. I gradually hid myself away in a corner and became morose and apathetic.

"Men friends? Not a spark of interest. I'd not been to a movie, to the theater, out for a meal or for a drive in the country for over a year. Things were so gloomy, a brief greeting from the mailman seemed like a light in my darkness."

Listening to a West Coast talk show on her radio, Jane was momentarily interested to hear a young girl telling how she was working Magic. The girl offered her version of the Expansive Bring-Me-Excitement Spell over the air.

"I was plain bored, everything was tedious, and I felt permanently jaded," Jane said. "The excitement in that youngster's voice lifted me out of my colorless mood for a while, and I tried the Spell."

Jane was startled to feel a lifting of her spirit at once. Some of her lassitude departed, and a stimulating breeze of anticipation seemed to drift through Jane's home.

"I was prompted to call a friend I hadn't spoken to for ages," Jane

said. "She was pleased and surprised to hear from me, and suggested I should drop by that same day."

Jane did so, and while the two women were talking, another acquaintance called to say she had tickets for a show. Jane felt a delightful glow of pleasure stir in her breast.

A trickle of invitations and dates began to pour in for Jane.

"I was cautious at first. It seemed too good to be true," Jane said. "Then I met this marvelous man at a party. He taught me to ski and to fly his private plane. Around that time I just started to let it happen. My old, sad life was gone for all time."

Jane's new man friend taught her something even more stimulating—he was instrumental in her finding love blossoming in her life once more.

Jane is well known around the pleasure resorts now. Her new husband is the soul of attention, her constant companion, escorting her through a sparkling career of pleasure and joy.

Are you a little bored with life? Maybe you also should try the Expansive Bring-Me-Excitement Spell.

THE CERTAIN DANGER-STAY-AWAY SPELL

This quick and easy Spell can be used at any time danger threatens. It invariably reduces the impact of the danger and can change an impending fatality to a less calamitous outcome, or even avert the danger altogether.

When danger threatens, surround yourself with powerful protective influences by saying (or thinking) three times:

"Pedael, protect me."

Pronounce His Name "Pay-Dah-Ale," with the emphasis on the final syllable.

How Unassuming Brian S. Won Acclaim and Reward by Applying the Certain Danger-Stay-Away Spell

Brian S. thought he was a coward. In actual fact, he was cautious and tended to move gingerly into new situations, but he didn't lack courage. But it took an application of the Certain Danger-Stay-Away Spell to prove it to Brian himself.

One of Brian's very real fears was acrophobia—a morbid fear of heights. Even looking out of a second floor window caused a cold hand to clutch his heart, made his skin crawl and brought vivid pictures into his mind of his body hurtling through the air and smashing crushed and broken to the ground below.

He had been studying ESP, hypnosis and other psychic subjects for some years, but he had never found a way to overcome his irrational fears.

During his studies he found some old French documents in a secondhand store in Quebec, Canada.

"I realized they were about psychism, so I bought them and had them translated," he said. "One section, entitled 'Magique,' gave details of the Certain Danger-Stay-Away Spell."

Brian had reason to recall that Spell and use its powers very soon afterward.

"I was on a vacation in Eastern Canada and while I was in Montreal I visited the Man and His World Exhibition," Brian related. "As I was walking past the great concrete form of the apartment block named Habitat, I saw people running and screaming, pointing up at the building.

"I saw a patch of red, high up. A baby girl had somehow crawled over the edge of a balcony and fallen a few feet to a ledge. At any moment the child could have moved and plunged hundreds of feet to the pavement below."

Without hesitation, Brian ran to the building and began to climb the sheer face, pulling himself up from block to block, finding fingerholds, straining upward.

A shocked silence settled on the watching crowd as Brian clung like a fly to the wall, edging steadily up. He was more than halfway there, his fingers dripping blood and his limbs heavy as lead.

"My breath was rasping in my throat, and I glanced down," Brian recalled. "That nearly finished me. My head swam, and I froze.

"As a chill wind tried to whip me from my precarious hold, I suddenly remembered the words to the Certain Danger-Stay-Away Spell and recited them out loud."

At once a calmness settled over Brian. He looked up. Not too far to go. Another fingerhold, another heave, another fight for a toehold. Closer . . . closer. He was almost able to reach the ledge where the child's red dress flapped in the breeze.

Then the baby moved, and fell. A great gasp went up from the

crowd below. Brian flashed out one arm and grabbed the small hurtling body. He gripped a tiny arm and swung the child to him.

Now he was in greater peril. With one hand holding the child, his feet slipping from the tiny crevices where he was clinging, Brian could move no further.

Desperately he tried to haul himself higher with his free hand. His over-strained muscles refused to respond.

"I clung there for minutes. The child held me, silent, and I looked into her blue eyes. She grinned at me and chuckled—it was all a game to her," Brian said. "I felt my grip becoming weaker, and resigned myself to die. Yet I felt no fear. The wind tore at us, and then I felt the edge of the rough concrete slip from my fingertips. I shouted the words of the Spell into the void, and then the world began to spin as I fell toward the ground."

Brian closed his eyes and tried to hold the child so that it would be above him when he smashed into the pavement.

"There was a chance the child might survive if I cushioned the impact," he said. "Then we hit. It wasn't a bone-shattering blow. I had time to be amazed at the cushioned softness before a great cheer went up."

In the minutes while Brian had been clinging to the stonework, an emergency team had had time to run out a fireman's canvas rescue sheet. Strong men held it as Brian and the baby landed dead center.

Apart from Brian's grazed finger-tips, neither he nor the child suffered a scratch.

"The reward and the media publicity I received were nothing compared to the lift I got from overcoming my fears," Brian said. "Now, whenever danger threatens, I repeat the Certain Danger-Stay-Away Spell. It's never failed me."

THE BRILLIANT TRAVEL-SAFELY SPELL

This is another simple Spell which brings powerful protective influences to you.

To ensure a safe journey, or to turn malignant travel influences to less harmful ones, say (or think) three times:

"Susabo, stay with me on my journey."

Pronounce His Name "Soo-Sah-Bo" with the emphasis on the second syllable.

If, while invoking this protection, you are holding a piece of blue cloth or paper, you will reinforce the protection.

Harry B. Invoked the Brilliant Travel-Safely Spell and Survived an Air Crash

I had to change the name of the man we will call Harry B. He is a respected director of an aircraft manufacturer in California, and he does not want his fellows to have the least suspicion that he believes in Magic. Parts of the report which follows have been slightly changed so that the organization and the aircraft concerned cannot be identified.

Harry believes that he owes his life to the Brilliant Travel-Safely Spell. You be the judge: with most of the technicalities removed, here is Harry's official report which he turned in after surviving a disastrous air-to-air collision. (Naturally, his use of the Spell is not mentioned: his own words follow the report).

"We were testing the new-profile ailerons and were on approach, having cleared the tower, speed 120 knots, descending at 100 feet per minute toward Runway 4.

"Weather was clear, visibility unlimited. As we were passing through 2,000 feet, we felt a sharp impact aft, starboard. It later transpired that we had been hit just forward of the tailplane by a private aircraft. Our attitude at once changed to nose down, juddering commenced and the airspeed increased sharply to 200 knots. All vertical control was lost."

(Here follows a technical analysis of the emergency procedures taken by Harry who was flying the aircraft, and his co-pilot).

"Eight seconds after the emergency was initiated, our aircraft was nose down at 45 degrees and about to impact a field at better than 200 knots. My co-pilot switched off all power.

"According to the flight recorder (later recovered) some measure of elevator control was gained two seconds before ground zero was reached. The craft nosed sharply upward, both occupants blacking out from G-forces, and the damaged tail portion of the aircraft struck the ground, breaking off cleanly.

The cabin and mainplane continued upward to some 1,500 feet

(observer and flight recorder evidence) and then stalled out. The starboard wing dropped and the now tailless craft flicked into a flat spin. Primary impact damage later proved to have distorted the trailing edge of the starboard mainplane upward, effectively turning the aerofoils into a crude helicopter.

"Spin rate increased in a level attitude and the crippled craft impacted the field at a vertical rate of descent less than 7 feet per second.

"Returning to consciousness, I was able to open the emergency hatch and assist my co-pilot to leave the vicinity of the wreckage. No fire resulted."

That dry, emotionless report, when analyzed, shows that a fatal disaster was averted by a freak coincidence at first impact.

"What the report doesn't say is that as we were going in I murmured the Brilliant Travel-Safely Spell," Harry said. "There was nothing else to be done . . . and I'm miraculously alive to tell the tale. Was it Magic? Well, I know I'll try it again if I'm ever in another desperate jam like that one."

THE PROTECTIVE MAGIC-AWAY SPELL

If you are certain that someone is sending black magic or the evil eye against you, use this Spell.

Cut out a circular piece of white paper about three inches in diameter. Write your attacker's name on the paper in red ink and draw a circle around it.

Say, putting force behind your words:

"Evil return to source
"Impelled by incredible force.
"In the name of Tobiit
"I'm protected. So be it."

Point your right forefinger at the paper as you say that. You'll have no problem with pronouncing the Angel's Name—those last two lines rhyme perfectly.

Carry the paper with you at all times, and your attacker's attempts to harm you will fly back to him or her.

She Broke the Evil Hex of a Wicked Woman by Working the Protective Magic-Away Spell

Nothing was going right for Patricia I. Ill-luck dogged her every move, and it had been going on too long to be sheer coincidence.

"I know we all pass through periods of good and bad luck," Patricia said, "but this was too much. In three months I'd lost my boyfriend after a stupid quarrel; my boss fired me for something someone else did, and he wouldn't listen to my explanations; my parked car was wrecked by a hit-and-run driver; a fire began in my electric fuse cupboard and smoke-blackened my neat apartment; I was afflicted by influenza which wouldn't go away; my drains backed up and evil smells filled my home; an error at the bank bounced my rent check; my sister fell over a chair and broke a leg while visiting me . . . and those were only the major calamities.

"Cups smashed, my freezer stopped and ruined the food, my arms and body came out in hives . . . oh, a hundred irritating and stupid things occurred, day after day. It got so I was afraid to climb out of bed in the morning. No matter how careful I was, catastrophes haunted me."

In desperation, Patricia consulted an astrologer near her home in Vancouver, Canada.

"Someone is working black magic on you," the astrologer said. "The positions of the planets are leaving you wide open to the effects. Whoever it is lives less than 100 yards to the east of you.

"I suggest you put up a Magical shield to stop all the trouble."

The astrologer gave Patricia the simple details of the Protective Magic-Away Spell, telling her that she must first discover who was doing the hexing.

"That wasn't hard," Patricia said. "The only building within 100 yards due east of me was a house occupied by one old lady. She'd often come out to her gate and mutter imprecations at me. I'd once reported her to the SPCA because I saw her mistreating her little dog, and after that she developed a paranoid dislike of me. I took no notice, thinking she was harmless."

Patricia's suspicions were confirmed that same day. As she paid off her cab, the old lady came hobbling out, her black shawl fluttering like a bat's wings.

"Cursed you are. The evil eye is on you," cackled the old crone. "No rest for you. You're in my power."

Patricia calmly went into her home, and worked the Protective Magic-Away Spell.

"The first thing I felt was a lifting of pressure, and shadows seemed to roll back, letting more light into my home," Patricia said. "My arm stopped itching—the hives went away completely in a couple of days—and the weakness from my influenza faded."

All the wrongs went right within a week. Patricia's boyfriend made up with her; she was offered apologies and a better job from her old boss; the insurance company, which had been dragging its feet, came across and repaired Patricia's car "better than new;" the landlord agreed it was time to repaint her home and thus cover the ugly smoke stains; the revolting odors receded and vanished; the bank wrote to her landlord explaining that the bounced check was an error; and Patricia's sister came back to full health almost overnight.

"The other irritations stopped completely," Patricia related. "I never saw the old lady again. Three days after I worked the Protective Magic-Away Spell she had an epileptic fit, swallowed her tongue, and died."

THE RELIABLE KNOW-THE-UNKNOWN SPELL

Floating in this Universe is a vast pool of surprising information and useful knowledge which anyone can draw on through the magic of this Spell.

Just as you are drifting off to sleep, say three times:

"Raphael, bring me secret knowledge."

Pronounce His Name "Rah-Fay-Ale," with the emphasis on the last syllable.

Keep a notebook and pencil beside your bed and make a brief record of your dreams *as soon as you wake in the morning*. More importantly, if you wake in the night, think about what you have been dreaming and make a note of it before you go back to sleep.

You will find that facts which may assist you in improving your life will become known to you in your dreams. Use the knowledge to your own advantage.

How Oscar N. Gained $100,000 and an Income For Life With the Reliable Know-the-Unknown Spell

Oscar N. felt that he was the most wretched person in the world. He'd been struggling hard to get a job—any job—to get away from welfare. His miserable home in a sleazy rooming house was infested with roaches, and rats gnawed in the walls at night. Heat and warm water were only memories for him, and he shivered under a tattered blanket when he sat in his room longing for the sound of a sympathetic voice and a way out of the mess he was in.

He was totally alone in the world, with every one of his relatives dead, as far as he knew.

Oscar had done time in jail for embezzlement, but he was innocent of the crime. His prison record prevented him from getting a worthwhile job, but he kept walking and knocking on doors, even though his varicose veins were crippling him. To add to the misery, an old arm injury had turned bad, and his elbow throbbed with a knife-edged pain.

His efforts to find work had come to nothing, a thin snow was pattering on the cracked window, and icy drafts blew under the door.

Painfully he crossed the room to stuff paper into the crevices. The bare lightbulb glowed dim above his head as he opened the creaking closet and found an old magazine.

He tore a few pages from it and groaned as he knelt, pushing the rough paper into the gaping holes where the freezing air bit at his cold fingers.

Despite his dejection, he laughed sarcastically as a paragraph in the magazine caught his eyes. The publication was from a psychic organization in California. The item which aroused Oscar's cynicism related the marvels achieved by people using the Reliable Know-The-Unknown Spell.

"Lot of rubbish. Wonder how that got in the closet?" he muttered. "Know the Unknown? Will that get me out of this rotten hole?"

He lay down to sleep to forget his desolate plight for a while. As he tried to get warm, the brief words of the Spell kept running through his head. Finally, he slept.

The gray light of dawn filtered in on Oscar. The snow had turned to rain, and it dripped steadily through the numerous holes in the ceiling.

Oscar sat up, rubbing a grubby hand over his unshaven chin.

"Uncle Steven? Haven't thought of him in years," he muttered. "In this city? Can't be . . . he went to Australia 10 years ago. Said he was going to make his fortune. Never saw hide nor hair of him from that day to this."

Oscar was considering a particularly vivid dream he had experienced. Not only had he dreamed of his long lost uncle, he also retained a clear memory of an address not a dozen blocks from where he himself was living.

"Only a dream," he muttered as he doused his head in icy water and wiped himself on a torn gray towel. "But I wonder?"

As he laced his shoes, he noticed the magazine he'd sneered at the previous night.

"Why not?" he said. "Can't do any harm to follow it up, eh?"

Oscar walked to the building he'd dreamed of and took the elevator to the suite of offices he recalled. It housed a trio of lawyers.

"Not keen on those types," Oscar mused. "I got done dirt by one of those silver-tongued rogues. But in my dream I walked in here and announced myself."

He did just that. The woman behind the desk stared at the filthy stubble-faced man and then scurried into an inner sanctum.

"I thought she looked startled, but I was stunned at what happened next," Oscar grinned. "A dark-suited gent came out, and he didn't even wince when he shook me by the hand. He ushered me into a plush office, gave me a cigar and treated me as if I was visiting royalty.

"I thought it was all a trick—or I was still dreaming."

But the money which the lawyer presented Oscar was real enough. So were the expensive suits, silk shirts, luxury topcoats and the rest of the wardrobe Oscar bought. And Oscar's Jaguar was no illusion. Neither was his suite in the best hotel in town—nor his personal valet.

"Uncle Steven had died and left me $100,000 plus an income from investments which set me up for life," Oscar said. "Look at me now . . . a plutocrat with an accountant and a lawyer to handle my affairs.

"Homes in the East and West and another overseas. I'm learning to live all over again. Anything I want is mine for the asking. The best medical men soon cleared up my aches and pains.

"And of course I'm not lonely any more. Getting married to the greatest girl in the world next week. And all this from a dream. Now I wonder where it came from?"

Secret Key III: RITUALS

Twenty-Seven Masterly Rituals to Magnificently Remodel Your Total Existence

Rituals are the ultimate in Magic. Their patterns and vibrations, which you control, plant irresistible commands in the Cosmos, and the mighty Cosmic Beings you call on automatically swing into action to satisfy your needs.

Over the centuries, thousands of Rituals have been discovered. The twenty-seven Rituals which follow in this Grimoire are the final distillation, the ultimate selection of the most powerful, most effective and most useful Rituals ever gathered between two covers. Weaker, less effective Rituals were rejected in favor of this time-tested, supremely majestic, unparalleled group of unsurpassable Rituals, carefully selected to cover every eventuality you could wish.

During the 30 years of research and testing which were carried out before this book could be released with a certainty that it carried the ultimate efficient power to help anyone transform his or her life, I made a fantastic discovery.

All genuine Rituals—the cream of the Magical crop which are in this book—are basically alike in structure. Testing literally thousands of Rituals, discarding those which did not come up to high standards of perfection and simplicity, I found that only eight simple variables made any Ritual differ from another.

A variety of special keywords were needed to begin a Ritual; naturally, the purposes varied; the ruling planets were different; particular Cosmic Beings controlled their own areas of authority; the proposed aims of the operator were unique; a specialized phrase was needed to fix the Cosmic Powers on their target; one of 12 Talismans was needed; and most Rituals had maximum power on a particular day, between certain times.

But apart from those eight variable factors, the remaining details of these top-flight Rituals are identical. What a simple and satisfying prospect opened up from that revelation! I could write a Master Procedure for all the Rituals, leaving spaces to insert the eight varying details. That Master Procedure follows, and the eight key details for each Ritual are listed in Parts 3 through 9.

What could be simpler? You follow the simple steps of the Master Procedure, dropping the eight special details into place like keys into locks as you go.

The Cosmic Beings will then arrange your future to bring your commands to reality. You, of course, will respond to their effects by reacting to the opportunities which miraculously appear, and you will handle the physical arrangements where necessary.

For instance, when Purah finds you a new home after you have worked the Ideal Change-My-Home Ritual, you will take the necessary steps to move your furniture and to handle any paperwork involved.

Magic is a two-way street. The Cosmic Beings will bring opportunities your way in abundance—it is your task to grab those opportunities and act on them. For example, if you work the Thrilling I-Can-Wow-Them Ritual for success on the stage, and then lock yourself away in your room, you are deliberately opposing the Magic.

So after you work a Ritual, make efforts to place yourself in the way of positive results. That's a small point which many Magic Workers are not aware of, and it's important to the ultimate, shining success of your future life of plenty, harmony and happiness.

Follow the steps indicated in the ensuing pages, and join the exultant, secret clique who knows that with Magic you can achieve every glorious detail of your deepest needs.

Part 1: Initial Preparations to Focus the Illustrious Cosmic Powers

Once you have decided which Ritual you will work, you can begin on the simple preparations. Step by easy step, you make a place to work and tune in to the Cosmic Powers, preparing yourself and proceeding with the actual Magic working.

Each step is carefully explained, and you will need nothing which you cannot easily find in your home. All the other magical ingredients are here in this book.

Every Ritual revealed to you requires the same physical conditions: the only differences are in the Words and gestures you use as you perform the Ritual.

RITUALS CHANGE YOUR LIFE EFFORTLESSLY

Working Rituals is easy. Over the years all kinds of confusions have been added, but in reality working Magic is simpler than baking a cake.

In fact, working a Ritual is remarkably similar to baking a cake. In the kitchen, if you're setting out to bake, you clear a space to work in, you try to make sure you're not disturbed by callers, you gather the ingredients, mix them, then pop the mixture in the oven and go away and leave it.

Magic is just the same—with the added advantage that if any of the ingredients happen not to be available, you can leave them out and still have an excellent chance of everything turning out as you wish.

The only difference between baking a cake and working a Ritual is that a great deal of Magic consists of Words and gestures in place of flour, eggs and sugar!

CLEARING YOUR WORKING SPACE

If your kitchen was filled with children, domestic animals, casual callers, surplus furniture, dirty dishes and wet laundry you'd have to be

a remarkably well-organized person to hope to turn out a successful recipe under those conditions.

So the first thing you would do to ensure success would be to clear a working surface, hustle everyone out for awhile, and then get to work.

You need to do exactly that for your Magic-working. First, by making a physical space to stand in without being obstructed or cluttered, and second, by making a "mind space" by using certain words and gestures which move obstructive thoughts and influences away for a while.

CLEAR AN AREA TO USE FOR YOUR MAGIC

Find some corner of your home where you can shift the furniture, leaving a standing space for you about six feet square. That means when you stand at the center of your cleared area, the walls and furniture are at least three feet away from you all around. If you can arrange this space in the east side or eastern corner of a room, so much the better.

You're going to need one single piece of furniture in your Magical working space. That will be your altar, and the simplest altar in the world is an empty orange crate. Anything will do which gives you a flat surface about two feet long by a foot wide to put your Magical ingredients on.

Some people use a small coffee table, but I've seen a wooden board spanning a couple of bricks used very successfully. When you've decided what you're going to use for your altar, place it in the east end of your cleared area with the long dimension of your altar running approximately north and south. That means that as you stand in front of your altar you will be facing the east, where the sun rises in September or March. If you want to be really fussy about this you can use a hiker's compass to locate your altar.

He Broke the Bank at the Track With the Overwhelming Good-Luck-Is-Mine Ritual

Grant G., from Pennsylvania, had been interested in spiritual matters for years, but he'd always hesitated using Cosmic Powers to bring material reward.

"Many books and teachers frown on employing spiritual forces to bring in filthy lucre," he said. "It's accepted that you can strive toward

the Inner Planes, but mention producing a $10 bill by Magical means, and many of my associates scowl and say it's wrong.

"I came to the conclusion that God made everything in this Universe, so that must include money. So what exactly was wrong with making cash by spiritual Rituals? After all, we exist in a physical body, and we're told we should care for that physical body, and what better way to start than by accumulating a healthy bank balance? Once the physical existence is comfortable and provided for, then we can move on to spiritual evolution. Seemed a natural sequence to me."

Grant proceeded to put his ideas into practice by perfecting the Overwhelming Good-Luck-Is-Mine Ritual.

"Up until then I'd denied myself many things," he said. "I'd been very humble and self-effacing, and consequently my material life was hardly a glowing example of material plenitude."

Grant's home, although comfortable, was merely a smallish apartment with the minimum of furniture. He owned no TV, no car, and although his wife understood, his three children were often asking why they lacked the things their neighbors and school friends enjoyed as a matter of course.

Following the working of the Overwhelming Good-Luck-Is-Mine Ritual, Grant at once saw a vast difference in his life.

"Everything started to come my way," he said. "But the big things were still ahead until I took myself to the track and risked a few bucks on the horses."

After the first race, Grant was using the bookies' money. He couldn't make a mistake after his first selection romped home at long odds. He picked mudders under the bright sun and they flew home at improbable prices. He didn't lose a dime on short-priced nags, and every favorite finished well down in the field. King Midas had nothing on Grant that day: he wore a groove to the pay-out window.

You may have read about Grant in the racing papers. Starting with $20 he walked away from the track at the end of the day with slightly over $400,000.

"I nearly called a Brinks truck," Grant smiled. "My six selections made it first to the wire at winning odds varying from 6 to 1 to 12 to 1. I was letting my money ride and it paid off. That was the first racetrack I'd ever been to—but it wasn't the last, no sirree!"

Grant's whole way of life has changed. No longer do his wife and kids complain that they lack luxury. Grant has stopped working for

other people and spends his time immersed in his hobby of sailing. His new ranch-style home in Florida is filled with the best of everything.

"Life is very sweet," Grant said. "It's one long round of thrills and pleasure. If I want the latest in electronic gadgets, I call up and have it delivered. The whole family drives around in luxury cars, and we've got a sea-going cruiser and a half dozen racing dinghies.

"We spend our time out in the fresh air and sun instead of slaving in a factory. I guess you need more than mere words to describe the joy and contentment we've found since I turned on to Cosmic Power with the Overwhelming Good-Luck-Is-Mine Ritual."

THE FOUR ELEMENTAL AMULETS ON YOUR ALTAR

While you are working your Rituals, you are focusing Mystic Energies which vibrate along the same lines as the earth, air, fire and water you will be speaking of as you make your preparations.

Your altar should carry items representing those four elements.

On page 115 you will find illustrations of four Elemental Amulets which were created and drawn by a close associate of mine, a powerful Secret Brother of the Magical Fraternity and Order of which we are privileged to be members.

Note that page 115 shows merely *pictures* of the amulets. The pictures contain no mystic powers, so if you've got any ideas of cutting them out of the page, forget it! In fact, *any mutilation or cutting of any page in this book will totally destroy its ability to help you find your path to happiness*.

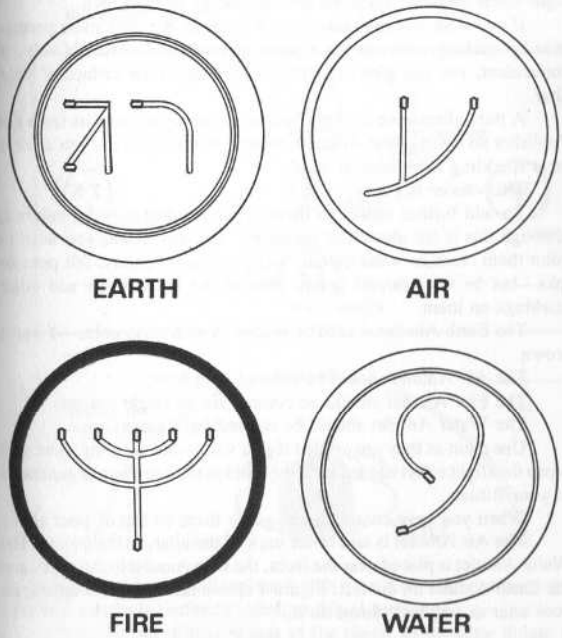
That is an occult law which you will understand as you progress. This Grimoire is a magical tool, carefully sharpened and tuned. Any deliberate damage done to it, extra markings or underlinings added, marginal comments written, or other interference with the pages will nullify its potency completely.

Doing any of those things is equivalent to poking a screwdriver into the works of a fine watch. Understood? I certainly hope so, because that's supremely important. Any comments, emphasis or notes you may wish to make must be recorded in a separate notebook.

There is only one way of creating the Elemental Amulets for your altar. It is to use the special "Mystic Grimoire Talisman and Amulet Kit" which the Publisher has graciously consented to have separately printed. You will find it inside the cover of this book.

The Four Elemental Amulets

Cut around the outer circle of each of the Amulets, and place them on your altar as instructed.



The Amulets in this *Kit* do have the necessary occult energy impressed into them. By an exchange of cosmic vibrations between members of my Order and a member of the Publisher's staff, I and my brother Adepts have ensured that the Kit is a potent magical accessory to this book.

Carefully cut each of the four Elemental Amulets from pages 3

and 5 of the Kit. Use scissors to cut smoothly around the outside line of each amulet. Again, I must solemnly warn you *not* to cut them from the pages of this book: the *Kit* is the power source. Prove it to yourself by sitting, relaxed, and staring fixedly at any page in the Kit. See how the sigils seem to move and glow with an energy of their own.

If you wish you can make these Elemental Amulets more permanent by sticking each one on a piece of cardboard. Alternatively, if convenient, you can glue the Amulets directly to the surface of your altar.

A third alternative is to get yourself a supply of the Kits from the Publisher so that as your Amulets become worn or soiled, you always have sparkling fresh ones at hand.

That choice is yours.

To add further power to them, your amulets may be colored, although this is not absolutely necessary. Use any means you wish to color them, such as water-colors, wax pencils, oil paints, felt pens or inks—but be very careful not to obscure the black sigils and other markings on them.

The Earth Amulet should be shaded in with earth color—a warm brown.

The Air Amulet should be colored light blue.

The Fire Amulet should be colored red or bright orange.

The Water Amulet should be colored light green.

Use them as they are printed if you wish—but coloring them will repay the slight effort needed a hundredfold in the extra power generated in your Rituals.

When you have created them, place them on top of your altar.

The Air Amulet is laid at the back of the altar, in the center. The Water Amulet is placed near the front, the Fire Amulet to the right, and the Earth Amulet on the left. Figure 1 shows how they will appear on your altar as you look down on it.

THE MYSTIC FLAME

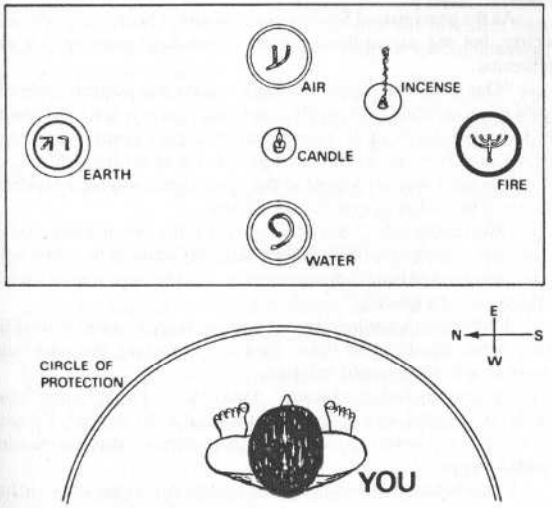
Rituals require you to burn a candle on your altar. It is known as the Mystic Flame.

For convenience, use a saucer, bottle or candlestick to hold the candle.

The same candle can be used over and over again until it is

Figure 1

Plan of your altar space, showing the positions of the Four Elemental Amulets. The four points of the compass illustrate the ideal direction for you to arrange your working space.



consumed, when you will replace it with a fresh one. An ordinary white kitchen candle is perfectly suited to Ritual working.

Your Mystic Flame stands at the center of the altar unless the particular Ritual instructs you otherwise.

She Seemed Weak and Helpless, Yet She Overcame All Opposition With the Volcanic You-Will-Submit Ritual

Sandy S. had been fragile and weak ever since childhood. Early sicknesses had robbed her of health and strength, so when she grew to

womanhood she stayed in the background in life's struggles, letting more robust types trample on her. Thus she never made great strides in the daily contest for material wealth and happiness.

"All I asked of life was peace, harmony and beauty," she said, "but my existence was one long hassle to try to find them. I survived, but I didn't have the backbone when it came to life's inevitable challenges."

As the years passed Sandy learned to accept her lowly position in society, but she nursed fierce dreams of one day becoming rich and influential.

"One thing which made me angry was the way powerful interests could ride roughshod over people," she said, "and my feelings came to the boil when a team of developers, out for a quick profit, proposed to build a ghastly block of offices on parkland near my home."

The news was announced in the newspapers, and local residents clamored for action against the developers.

"But money talks," Sandy said. "The plans were presented to the authorities, carefully-worded reports allegedly showed how that ugly monstrosity would benefit the community, and the stage was set for our little town to be spoiled."

A referendum was held among the townspeople, accompanied by crafty news releases to the Press. By a narrow margin, the plans were approved and provisionally adopted.

"Something had to be done," Sandy said. "I didn't know how, but those powerful, money-grubbing men had to be stopped. I'd seen too many pretty towns spoiled by business interests that are only interested in profit."

Sandy began shopping around for advice. All her contacts told her she was hitting her head against a brick wall. "You'll have to grin and bear it," was the usual answer.

Enter the Powers of Magic. Sandy met up with an old lady who shyly spoke about Rituals being able to work miracles.

Sandy was an apt pupil. With all regular avenues closed, she threw herself heart and soul into the Ritual. The building plans were meanwhile passed, and heavy earthmoving equipment began clattering into town, while laborers were all set to turn the first sod. Sandy became a David against the Goliath of Progress.

"The day after I worked the Ritual I awoke feeling coldly powerful," she said. "It was a totally new emotion for me, and I amazed

myself by marching to City Hall and insisting on seeing the mayor in person. Others had tried before me, and been turned aside by secretaries and underlings. I found that they quailed before me, and within an hour, I was in the mayor's office."

Sandy's eloquence was fantastic. Pounding on a desk, she marshaled facts and figures, exposed the fallacies in the developers' reports, and illustrated what had happened in other towns and cities.

Her tactics worked. Presumably to get rid of this persistent little woman with the flashing eyes, the mayor called a special meeting. Sandy was allowed to attend.

"They reversed all their previous decisions," she said. "The developers had to pull out and go find some place else to do their dirty work. I was feted as a public benefactor, and I never had to hide in the background again.

"That shows you how Magic can help when all else fails."

THE THAUMATURGIC TRIPLET

Don't be alarmed at the complicated name of this important focusing point for Cosmic Energies. An illustration of this Thaumaturgic Triplet is shown on page 120.

Just as in the case of the Elemental Amulets described on page 114, the picture in this book has no power of its own, so cutting it out is not only useless, it will also defeat any hopes of your gaining magical benefit from these Spells and Rituals.

Thus, you must use the power-charged Triplet on page 7 in the "Mystic Grimoire Talisman and Amulet Kit," cutting it out carefully.

This Triplet will also benefit from being colored, if you wish to take the time and make the effort.

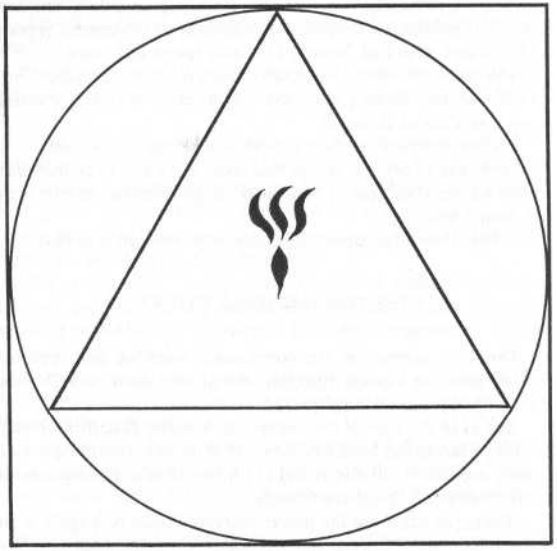
The triangle in the center should be colored bright red; the three sections of the circle outside the triangle should be bright blue, and the four corners which remain outside the circle should be colored bright yellow.

As with the Elemental Amulets, this coloring is not absolutely necessary, but if you can accomplish it, the colors will add great energy to your Rituals.

Once created, secure the Triplet to a convenient wall at eye-level, near your altar.

The Thaumaturgic Triplet

Cut around the outside square of the Triplet and secure it at eye-level near your altar.



CIRCLE OF PROTECTION

A piece of rope, twine or string about 3 yards long may be used to make a circle on the floor in front of your altar for you to stand in.

If you use rope, it should be flexible and not too thick. String will suit admirably, as long as it is not so thin that you have difficulty seeing it when it is laid on the floor.

How to make your rope into a Circle of Protection is explained on page 135.

EXPURGATING SMOKE

Incenses which are burned during Rituals are for the purpose of expelling unneeded vibrations from the vicinity of your altar.

Any incense will do the work. The joss-sticks which most general stores or pharmacies stock are admirable, or those little cones of incense which cost a few cents a box are also suitable.

Place your incense in any convenient holder, or even on the lid of an old tin can. Just take care to see that no fire hazard is created, and remember that incense sticks drop light ash from the top.

Incense stands on the right side of your altar, between the Fire and Air Amulets.

Note

If you suffer from any breathing or pulmonary conditions which make smoke objectionable, uncomfortable or dangerous for you, dispense with the incense and ignore all reference to it during the Rituals. The Cosmic Beings will understand and make allowances, just as they will for any other enforced or unintentional omissions from your Rituals.

YOUR MAGICAL WORKING SPACE IS COMPLETE

On your altar are the Four Elemental Amulets, your Mystic Flame and Incense are ready to burn, the Thaumaturgic Triplet is on the wall, and your Circle of Protection rope or string is at hand.

Next, prepare yourself. Just as you put on particular clothes to go outside, and wear other clothes (or none at all) to go to bed, so Magic Working has its own style of dress for you.

It's all quite simple. You need three things only: a Psychic Cloak, some Magical Oil, and a Mystic Talisman. Don't worry—none of them are in the least difficult to obtain.

How Keith S. Mended His Tottering Marriage With the Stimulating Partner-Enslaving Ritual

"I still loved my wife dearly, but our marriage was coming apart at the seams," said Keith S. from Wyoming. "I'm a quiet, peaceful guy

and my wife likes to get around and have fun. I guess that's what started the break-up.

"When I wanted to spend the evening with a couple of beers, watching TV, she wanted to be up and out at parties or taking in shows and concerts with stimulating companions."

To please his wife, Keith made tremendous efforts to go along with her desires.

"I tried hard, but I found it literally exhausting to keep up the pace, and it was draining our bank balance," Keith said. "Six nights a week, every week, wining, dining, dancing and club-hopping soon knocked me out, and as soon as a particular place became familiar, my wife wanted to see new places, further afield."

Keith went along with the late hours and the frenetic pace for a while, but it was too totally opposed to his basic personality.

"She started to complain that our sex-life was unsatisfactory," Keith said. "Hardly surprising—working at a day job and then spending the nights reveling had reduced me to a state where when I saw a bed I crashed on it to catch up on some sleep."

Disaster came closer. Keith tried to reach a compromise with his wife, but she was hooked on the round of gaiety, like an insidious drug.

"She was prepared for us to separate rather than lead a quieter life," Keith said. "That would have broken me up. Like I said, I loved her dearly. She's a beautiful person—it was just the conflict between my need for quiet and her need for entertainment which was coming between us."

Marriage counseling did little except confirm that Keith and his wife were incompatible unless one of them changed.

"That was where Magic came into the picture," Keith said. "I recalled that a friend of mine was interested in the subject, and he had once said, 'If you ever need to keep your wife in line, give me a call.'

"So I called, and he disclosed the secrets of the Stimulating Partner-Enslaving Ritual to me."

From the first time he worked it, Keith saw changes in his home life. Although still interested in living it up, Keith's wife became much more attentive to him. He found that she responded more quickly to his requests and was warmer toward him.

"My friend had advised me not to expect an instant miracle," Keith said. "He had explained that changing a person from one set of behavior patterns to another took a little time . . . but I saw my wife changing day by day. She wasn't so anxious to rush hither and thither, and she began to ask to be taken home from clubs and balls quite early in the evening."

Keith says the turning point in their marriage came one Saturday evening.

"I'd quietly worked the Ritual in the basement while my wife was dressing to go out," he said. "I was sitting in the living room waiting for her when she sailed in looking like a million dollars in a silken ballgown.

"I looked her up and down and our eyes met. She suddenly looked soft and dreamy, and said something about having our own floorshow at home, all to ourselves."

Slipping a record on the stereo, Keith's wife began to dance round the room.

"Far out," Keith said. "With her eyes locked to mine she began a sexy strip-tease which ended up with her kneeling stark naked at my feet with her head buried in my lap. She was completely submissive, and that evening we got to know each other in ways I still blush to think about.

"From then on she was my love-slave. She'd do anything for me."

Keith and his loving wife still do the town occasionally, but they spend much more time at home together.

"I'd never have believed it possible," Keith said contentedly, "but that Ritual brought us back together in the most fantastic way."

YOUR PSYCHIC CLOAK

A dressing gown, a light topcoat or any other similar garment will make your Psychic Cloak. Use an old piece of clothing which you rarely wear, loose enough for you to raise your arms above your head. The color or material is not vastly important, although it might be better if you can steer away from dull brown.

This will be the only garment you will wear during your Rituals and when you have decided which one you're going to use, carry out the following Power Induction one time only. This makes certain that when you put on your Psychic Cloak, the right Forces are tuned in.

PSYCHIC CLOAK POWER INDUCTION

After sundown, strip completely, removing your jewelry, wristwatch, necklace, ear-rings, pendants, dogtags and any other ornamentation you are wearing. However, if you have a wedding band or other

adornment which you *never* remove—either from sentiment or because of physical difficulties with knuckle joints—leave it in place.

Put on your Psychic Cloak garment and face west, where the sun has gone down. Say:

"This garment I name my Psychic Cloak.
"Witness my words, Morael.
"In the Name which is above every other Name
"I wear this Cloak for good."

The Angel's Name is pronounced "Moe-Rah-Ale" with the emphasis on the final syllable.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MAGICAL OIL

Grapes have long been known to possess arcane powers and they form the basis of your Magical Oil which is used during all Rituals.

In a cup or glass slowly squeeze three choice grapes. Sprinkle a little salt into the container, and add a tablespoonful of vegetable oil. Olive, peanut, corn, cottonseed, sesame seed, poppy seed . . . any type of oil used in cooking is perfect.

Add some more grapes, press the mixture down with a spoon and sprinkle in more salt. Then add a tablespoonful of oil. Continue this until the container is almost full. Cover it with a saucer or suitable lid and put it away in a dark and cool place for 24 hours.

At the end of that time, pour the mixture through a cloth or sieve into a convenient bottle or jar which has a cork or lid. Discard the used grape pulp. Label this container so you do not inadvertently use your Magical Oil for cooking.

Bless your Magical Oil as follows. You need to repeat this Blessing only when you make a fresh supply of oil.

Put your oil container on your altar. Stand before it and say:

"Creature of the Elements,
"You are created for me
"To focus the Forces of Good.
"Be blessed in the Name of the Highest."

The 12 Mystic Talismans

Cut around the outer circle of each of the Talismans. Carefully pierce a small hole near the edge where shown, and make them into pendants as instructed.

YOUR MYSTIC TALISMANS

During every Ritual you will wear a Mystic Talisman on your chest. You will find illustrations of 12 Talismans on page 125.

Just in case you may have skipped previous sections, and because it is such a vital point, I repeat: no illustration in this book carries occult powers—these have been impressed into the Amulets, Triplet and Talismans in the "Mystic Grimoire Talisman and Amulet Kit" which accompanies this Grimoire.

Refer to page 114, where the Elemental Amulets are described, if you have missed this piece of critical information. In five words: DO NOT CUT THIS BOOK.

To get these 12 Talismans, shown on pages 9, 11 and 13 in the Kit, you must cut them from the "Mystic Grimoire Talisman and Amulet Kit." Tracing or machine copying absolutely will not work.

When you have created your Talismans, pierce a hole near the edge of each where shown, and make a string halter for each one so that you can wear them like pendants. The strings should be adjusted to a length at which the center of the Talisman hangs about four inches above your navel.

Hopelessly Sick, She Regained Glowing Health and Strength After Working the Supreme Back-To-Health Ritual

Anemia kept Betty J. of Idaho feeling too listless to enjoy life, but it was not her only malady. Chronic kidney problems gave her excruciating lumbar pains, a childhood shoulder injury flared up regularly, she was the constant victim of blinding migraines, and spreading arthritis was making the sunset of her life a desolate and pain-wracked agony.

"Doctors had done all they could," she said, "but they said my advancing years were at the root of my problems. I was condemned to be a shut-in, unable to enjoy a normal life, with only the dreaded expectations of getting worse, not better."

Betty dragged herself from clinic to clinic and found no relief. She tried chiropractors, naturopaths, homeopaths . . . every avenue of medical aid, and found only discouraging words.

"They told me I was incurable and must learn to accept it," she related. "That was when I decided to investigate psychic methods."

Her small savings dwindled as she visited spiritual healers in neighboring states.

"I should have saved my money," she said. "I know some healers have had miraculous successes, but any honest one will tell you that some sicknesses will not respond to spiritual methods, no matter how sincere.

"I even flew to the Philippines to let those psychic surgeons work on me. They put on an interesting show with lots of blood and mumbo jumbo, but I came home no better than when I'd departed.

"But the trip wasn't wasted, by any means. On the way back, in Seattle, I met a lady who told me about the Supreme Back-To-Health Ritual which she had used to overcome her own illnesses."

Betty fixed up a corner of her living room to work the Ritual.

"It succeeded where the doctors had failed," she said. "I kept up my regular visits to the local clinic, and my medical advisers were amazed. Each of my problems began to recede. Naturally, I didn't breathe a word about helping things along with Magic, so my doctor proudly announced his successes to his colleagues each time he checked me out and found I was improving. It didn't worry me—all I cared about was getting well, and if my doctor got pleasure and kudos out of believing he was doing it, then good for him.

"Quite soon I was bursting with good health. My blood count was normal, my kidneys were in an excellent state, the shoulder bursitis went away, my migraines diminished and vanished, and the arthritis began to recede. My doctor wanted to take me to a convention to illustrate the miracles of medical science, but I had other things to do with my time."

Betty, once condemned to a life of agony and prostration, is happy again. You can meet her. She is involved in her community. She bowls and hikes and is considering taking her driving test.

"Last year all this would have been wishful thinking," she said. "I've come back to a new life and my relatives are amazed.

"I would be, too, if I didn't know the Supreme Back-To-Health Ritual helped me."

Your Preparations Are Complete

You now have all you need for any of your Rituals. The steps you take after this are all actually part of the Rituals themselves, even though they take place before the Magic working is brought to a peak of glittering power which changes your least problems into ecstatic successes and joy.

Part 2: The Master Procedure Which Commands the Mystic Beings to Bring Your Goals into Brilliant Reality

In Parts 3 through 9 of this Secret Key you will find the details of the 27 magnificent Rituals which are yours to bring you joy, harmony and riches. You are informed when to perform your Magic; the Password which will open the Doors to the Planes; how to announce the purpose of your Call; what Planets are represented; the Name of the Cosmic Being who carries out your wishes; how to state what you want; and the Avatar Mantrum, a simple phrase which sets the seal of success on your Ritual.

All these Rituals have a basic form which is easily understood and applied, so to save repeating instructions which are common to each Ritual, this Secret Key gives you the framework of Magic-Working.

Thus all you need to do is to turn to the page giving the eight inner details of the Ritual you wish to work, and then apply them in the order shown here.

This method of step-by-step Magic Working is unique, new and efficient. Never before has anyone ever had such a simple way of following in the steps of the Ancient Magicians. Follow the instructions as easily as if you were opening a package of cornflakes, and your startling, shining Miracles will follow, as surely as day follows night.

How Tania G. Worked the Staggering Return-Evil-To-Source Spell to Shatter an Enemy's Black Magic

Tania G. was one of my early teachers in the occult. A gentle, white-haired woman, she radiated love to all as she taught her understandings of the Cosmic World to her students.

During a course of lectures, we noticed that she was growing visibly thinner and more worn. Her voice quavered at times, and old age suddenly seemed to lay its skeletal hand on her frail shoulders. Although she was in perfect control of herself, we knew that terrible events were taking place in her private life: her investments failed, her friends began

to shun her, class attendance dropped away, her husband took to drink, her son was arrested on an alleged rape charge, and her daughter broke out in boils and sores.

Then came a dramatic change. Tania appeared for the next lecture brimming with health and confidence, a new glow in her eyes, her voice strong and resonant again.

She related what had been going on, as a classic example of the Powers of Magic.

"We who choose to teach Magic soon acquire enemies," she said. "They seek to destroy us, to stop us passing on Secrets which can be used against them. They use Black Magic to work their evil, and a woman has been trying it on me for the past weeks. I sent love to her, hoping she would desist. She did not, so I was forced to destroy her powers with the Staggering Return-Evil-To-Source Spell."

Tania's working of the Spell put the evil works into reverse, and the woman sending the Black Magic began receiving it herself.

We read about it in the local papers. The woman was walking in a graveyard when the branch of a giant elm snapped off and hurtled down on the cowering woman. She sustained a fractured pelvis, internal injuries and scars all over her face and arms.

She was rushed to the hospital and the surgeon operating on her had a momentary blackout and severed a major vein. The woman almost died before the wound could be sutured and cauterized.

Her man-friend, who helped her with her Black Spells, lost his job, went out on a drunk, ran his car into a police cruiser and then made a run for it. He broke an arm falling off a wall as he fled. The Courts put him out of the way for several months.

Meanwhile Tania's health returned to normal, her stocks and shares bounced back higher than before; her social life improved, class attendance sky-rocketed, her husband gave up liquor, her son was totally cleared of what proved to be a case of mistaken identity and her daughter's sores healed almost overnight.

"That evil woman has no power over me and mine," Tania explained, "and the beautiful part of it is, she doesn't know it yet. So every time she tries to hurl more evil at me, it will fly straight back to her."

Sure enough, the woman was in trouble as soon as she was released from the hospital. An electrical fault set her basement on fire, destroying most of her home before firemen could control the blaze. Her

insurance company refused to pay her because of a technicality. She moved to a sordid little shack on the wrong side of the tracks and thieves promptly stole her last few belongings. Her pension check was stopped when a Government inspector investigated her personal affairs, and she was unable to work because her whole body was suddenly afflicted with stinking, running sores. Neighbors gossiped about how the old woman screamed at night as frightful fiends visited her as she slept.

"She even tried suicide," Tania said. "That also failed. She took poison, tied a rope around her neck and jumped off a river bridge. The rope snapped, the dirty water made her vomit up the poison, and a launch picked her up as she struggled in the chilly water.

"Perhaps she'll change her wicked ways. I certainly hope so, for until she does, the Staggering Return-Evil-To-Source Spell will continue to do its work with the same frightful results for her."

Modifying These Details Will Not Interrupt the Titanic Power of Your Magic Working

Remember that the details given here are suggestions for working Magic under ideal conditions. If you can fulfill all these conditions, you will be aligned with the maximum possible effect of the Cosmic Powers; but as I pointed out to you before, ignoring any detail will only slightly cut back the power of a Ritual—and all of these have power to spare for achieving their thrilling objectives.

How Almost-Bankrupt William K. Brought Riches Flooding to Him With the Vital Bring-Me-Wealth Spell

William K. was in deep distress when he first came to me for a consultation. He had launched a bookstore in Toronto, Canada, just as the economy took a turn downward.

"I've sunk every penny I own and every dime I could borrow into the business," he said desperately. "Sales are going down, and I'll be finished within a month. What can I do?"

William's credit rating was bad, creditors were pressing hard, he'd sold his car and much of his furniture, his wife was on the verge of leaving him, and his friends were sadly calling him 'Unlucky Bill.'

"Whether you can believe in it or not, use this Vital Bring-Me-Wealth Spell," I told him. "It seems to be your only chance."

Hopelessly, he agreed. Within a month, he came back to see me. He drove up to my home in a brand-new limousine which sparkled in the sun. He hopped out, sporting a new suit which bore the unmistakable cut of extreme wealth. From his handmade shoes to the top of his perfectly-groomed head, he looked the picture of opulence.

"What do I owe you?" he asked. "Ten thousand dollars? Name your price. That Spell was worth a cool million to me, literally."

He glanced at his diamond-studded digital wristwatch.

"Just time to catch my banker and take you to lunch," he smiled, "if you're free, that is."

I sank into the plush interior of his car, while he cashed a check for enough money to pay an ambitious hijacker's ransom. We adjourned to a high-class eaterie, and as we dined on gourmet food and wines, he told me his story.

"I worked the Spell at the store in the back room," he said. "I figured I didn't want people to see me—they'd probably think I'd gone around the bend. At the precise moment I ended it, I heard a customer walk into the store. He was enquiring about a rare book which was worth about $2,000.

"I laughed, and told him I dealt only in cheaper editions. 'The only place it could be, that I should be so lucky, would be in there,' I said, kicking a box of books I'd bought at a garage sale months before and never got my heart up high enough to open.

"The box split open, and a cascade of books tumbled out. And right on top of the pile was the very volume the man was looking for—a first edition, not inscribed, and in mint condition."

With $2,000 in the till, William felt his luck had turned. It had—in a big way. The box he had been ignoring contained close to 60 books, each rare and perfect.

"I raised a cool $50,000 on those with one phone call," William said as the maitre d' carefully opened another bottle for us. "Then the money really started to pour in. Valuable books fell into my hands by all manner of strange coincidence: I had only to go to a rummage sale, and I'd find volume after volume of rarities which everyone else had missed."

William invested his newfound wealth in a sumptuous new home in the west, in Vancouver, where the mountains are high and the prices are higher.

"I launched an antique business, opened a restaurant and got into

real estate," William said. "My insurance assessor calculates the contents of my home are worth just about a million bucks. And that's from antiques which have fallen into my lap, almost by chance. I've kept the pieces I like and sold the rest at astronomical prices."

William is still climbing. He's rich beyond his wildest dreams now. As he tours the world's luxury resorts in his private liner with a crew of 20, entertaining royal personages and the jet set in a continuous round of excitement and bliss, his businesses are efficiently run by hard-working managers.

"I've come a long way since the desperation of that little one-man bookstore," he said to me recently. "And to think it all began with the Vital Bring-Me-Wealth Spell. By the way, I never did pay you for that Spell—what do I owe you?"

I grinned and told him a couple of bucks would do. After all, if I'm ever short of cash, I use the same Spell myself. Works every time!

Conditions for Assured Success In Magic Working

Before starting to work a Ritual, you should observe as many of the following conditions as are practical for you.

I say "practical" because as you now know, you should not alter your normal way of life, or attract undue attention to yourself with Magic. It works best when you keep it secret from others, so you should apply the following suggestions only as far as they will not have you publicly behaving in an abnormal manner.

Obviously, if you are a working person—and remember Magic can change all that for you very soon—conditions 3 and 4 below may be difficult for you to observe, for instance.

So start your Magical Works by following as many of these simple steps as you can without upsetting your regular routine. In particular, you should consult your doctor to find out whether the suggested 12-hour fast will be dangerous to your health.

1. Decide on the time you will be working your Ritual. (Best times are indicated as Item 7 in the Ritual details in Parts 3 through 9, (pages 143 through 201), but modify those times as you wish, to suit your personal routine).

2. For 12 hours before the start of the Ritual, abstain from food and sex.

3. During those 12 hours, drink only water for the first 6 hours, and take a glass of wine or pure fruit juice when you need it during the second 6 hours. In particular, do not take any cola drinks throughout that time.

4. Stay alert and awake during those 12 hours. No catnaps.

5. During the final hour before you begin the Ritual, speak to no one. If you have to break your silence because the telephone rings or someone needs your attention, that does not matter: just keep the conversation as short and to the point as feasible. This can be the most challenging time of all, as you try to act normally and keep secret your intentions. *On no account say to your caller "I've got to let you go now because it's time for me to start a Magic Ritual"* or any similar statement which might reveal what you are doing. That will uncover your secret and put a heavy damper on all your future Magical operations. Should you decide, because of unavoidable interruptions, that you have totally broken your Hour of Silence, postpone your Ritual to an hour later, and try to keep silent for that hour instead. Always remember that when you encounter frequent obstacles to starting or completing a Ritual, it is likely to be happening because Mystic Beings are telling you to conduct the Ritual at some other time. You'll never be told "Don't work that Ritual now" by any of the Cosmic Forces, because they will never interfere with your freewill decisions. But a whole raft of delays, interruptions and hitches in a Ritual will clearly convey to you the message that you would do better to try again later.

6. At the beginning of your Hour of Silence, take a shower, bath or washdown. Then rub your chest, buttocks, hands and knees with a few drops of your Magical Oil.

7. Five minutes before Ritual starting time, strip completely and put on your Psychic Cloak. Remove all jewelry as you did when you blessed the Cloak.

8. Lastly, take the correct Mystic Talisman for the particular Ritual, and hang it on your breast. Item 8 in the Ritual details tells you which Talisman to use.

How Frustrated Karen M. Gloriously Satisfied Her Sexual Needs With the Titillating Nature Ritual

Karen M. was hopelessly frigid. Doctors, surgeons, gynecologists, psychologists, counselors and psychiatrists had tried in vain to find out why she was unable to get the tiniest flicker of satisfaction from her encounters with males.

She had turned from science to the occult to seek solutions. During a private Tarot reading in Seattle, Washington, the reader delicately mentioned her lack of ability to respond to love. Karen burst into tears.

"You're so right," she sobbed. "I've been like that ever since I can recall. I know I'm totally cut off from one of life's greatest experiences, and no one can help me . . . no one. I'm so frustrated and mixed up inside that I spend my time in total misery.

"I've never married—never had a regular man friend. I'll never know what it is to be responsive and loving. It's terrible. It's lonely. And it's just not fair."

The card reader tried to calm her. The cards promised a solution and even suggested a happy marriage with two children and a loving husband. Karen was skeptical.

"In the meantime, try a little Magic," the reader said. "The Titillating Nature Ritual has worked wonders in cases like yours."

Karen smiled through her tears. What could she lose? All the medical men had failed, so she felt that a little Magic couldn't make things worse.

A year later the card reader received a letter from Karen. It was an invitation to attend her baby's baptism!

> "Unreal . . . how can I thank you enough?" she wrote. "I performed the Ritual the day after you read the cards for me. What can I say, except that it worked within two days, in an indescribable and wonderful way. I knew I'd been missing something—but even if words could describe it, the mailman would burn my letter if I told you the half of the very personal and beautiful changes which have gone on within me.
>
> "I'm whole, complete, adjusted . . . and ridiculously ecstatic, all day, every day. Farewell misery and frustration! Now I know what love and everything which goes with it means. John (my husband) says he's never met a woman like me. I found him three days after the Ritual worked, and we were married within six weeks. It just had to be that way.
>
> Come down and see our baby baptised and maybe (if I can get the blushes off my face) I'll tell you some of the story. You deserve it—after all, you put me on to the Ritual in the first place.
>
> Love, Karen.
>
> P.S. John was a little inhibited, so I persuaded him to try the Titillating Nature Ritual also. Wow!!!!!

Working Your Chosen Ritual Which Brings Your Personal Miracles Automatically

Your Place of Working is prepared, and you are ready to proceed.

Lay your Rope of Protection in a circle on the floor in front of your altar leaving the two ends about 12 inches apart.

Light the altar candle and extinguish all other lights. Step within the circle of your Rope of Protection and close it by tying the two ends together or overlapping them on the floor.

You have begun. The Cosmic Wheels are already turning, and you are about to bring whatever you wish cascading into your life—money, love, health, virility, the disappearance of troubles . . . anything. You are going to name it, and it shall be so.

Unknown, He Found Fame by Healing the Sick After Curing His Wife With the Secret Disease-Banishing Ritual

Victor G.'s case is a classic example of "When all else fails, try Magic."

His wife had been sick for more than 25 years with liver and kidney complaints which were mutually antagonistic. Treatment for her liver caused kidney malfunctions, and medication for her kidneys produced violent reactions in her liver condition. She existed in misery, permanently exhausted, prey to excruciating pain, and a slave to a special diet which kept her barely alive.

Victor had spent all his savings and all he could borrow on the best-known doctors and specialists without success. At best his wife could be expected to live another five years, and death would come as a blessed release from her wretched condition.

Naturally, vacations and pleasures were unknown to the couple. Spare cash was funneled into the doctors' pockets or to special food manufacturers.

Victor was at the end of his tether, himself sick with worry, when a friend offered him the Secret Disease-Banishing Ritual.

A week later he called the friend.

"She's cured," he cried joyfully. "We've just got back from the hospital check-up and the specialist gave her a clean bill of health. He's quite astounded.

"My wife is free from pain for the first time in years, and a week

ago she could hardly raise her arms to perform the Ritual. She's just eaten a delicious meal of all the foods she's been missing for so long. This is going to open up a whole new life for us."

He never spoke a truer word. The news of his wife's miracle spread rapidly. Soon Victor and his wife were faced with friends, relatives and strangers, all desperately sick in various ways, and all crying out for them to do what had been done for his wife.

"What could I do?" he said. "I swore them to secrecy and made them promise not to give up regular medical treatment and not to tell their doctors about the Ritual. Then I taught them how to perform it. It's a grand feeling to see people on the road to recovery before your very eyes."

Victor's fame grew, inevitably. The sick and the diseased flocked to him, and he gave his time fully to healing work. His life became full and satisfying, and his wife—now fully healed—worked beside him, instructing sad and hopeless people in the simple techniques of the Ritual.

Victor and his wife retired from active healing last year. They have bought an island somewhere in the sun, using donations made to them by grateful patients. They have dropped out of sight after showing thousands how to cure themselves.

In this book you will find the same Ritual which Victor was first given to cure his wife. In fact, he made me promise to include it.

"Such knowledge must be spread around," he said. "Work it for yourself, see its powerful results, and follow in my footsteps with the Secret Disease-Banishing Ritual."

You're Working Your Magic, So Here Comes Happiness and Plenty

You're now standing before your altar, ready to start. Your next step is to clean out unneeded mental vibrations.

Any room, even in a brand-new house, is filled with vibrations left over from the minds of people who lived in the room, or built the house, or even just passed through.

Your task, before calling down the Cosmic Beings, is to push all the unnecessary vibrations out of the way. You do it simply and easily with the following words and gestures.

THE PLACE-CLEANING RITUAL

Note:
Until you can easily recall this Ritual and the words, you can hold this book open in your left hand, consulting it as necessary.

Stand inside your Circle of Protection facing east, about two feet from your altar: feet together, hands at your sides, fingers relaxed. Close your eyes and raise your right hand above your head and point your forefinger at the ceiling.

Say: "You are."

With your arm straight, swing your hand down in front of you until you are pointing at the floor between your feet.

Say: "This Universe."

Still pointing with your finger, bend your elbow and bring your hand up until you are pointing at your right shoulder.

Say: "The Power."

Move your hand across your chest and point at your left shoulder.

Say: "And the Glory."

Bring both hands palms together, to your chest in an attitude of prayer. (If you are holding this book, lay your right palm flat against it as you raise your hands to your chest.)

Say: "For ever. So be it."

Return your left hand to your side, and point directly in front of you with your right hand, just as if you were pointing at a ship on the far horizon. Move your right forefinger *only* in a small clockwise circle. As you do that, say: "Tetra." (That pronunciation rhymes with "wet fur").

Now turn slowly half right, still with your hand stuck out level in front of you. Stop turning as you face south. Make the same small circle with your finger, and say: "Gram." (Rhymes with "ham.")

Make another quarter-turn to your right, so that you are facing west and repeat the finger circle as you say: "Mut." (Rhymes with "cut").

Turn to the north, make your fourth finger circle and say: "Ton." (Rhymes with "gone").

Finally, turn right until you are facing east where you started.

Raise both your hands above your head about two feet apart, with

your fingers straight and palms facing forward. Your position is like a capital Y.

Say: "In front of me is Air Energy; behind me is Water Energy; on my right side is Fire Energy; and on my left side is Earth Energy. Around me shine the circles and above me shines the Light of Power."

Now turn around to your right so that your back is to the altar and you are facing west, still with your hands raised.

Announce: "I send from this place all intruding forces. They shall go far away, and be powerless to interfere with my wishes. So be it."

Turn to your right again, facing the altar and lower your hands to your sides, relaxing your fingers. Light the incense after opening your eyes.

You have now "cleaned up the kitchen" and you're ready to start work.

Note that up until you light the incense you should carry out that part of the Ritual with closed eyes. Until you know it by rote, it is permissible to open your eyes whenever you need to read these instructions.

Continue Now and Call Your Cosmic Beings—They Await Your Commands

Now here's where Parts 3 through 9 of this Secret Key combine. The details of your Rituals are in those Parts. Under the title of the Ritual you'll find words and explanations, numbered 1 through 8. Those words and explanations fit right in here, as you call your Cosmic Beings to perform your Magic.

Having completed the Place-Cleaning Ritual, close your eyes and say the appropriate Arcane Admitting Password (Item 1 in Ritual details) at the same time raising your hands in front of you just above eye level, and pretending to pull apart a set of drapes in front of you.

Announce the Purpose of Your Call. (Item 2 in the Ritual details). Use the words given in the Ritual details, or use some of your own which mean the same thing. Say your Purpose three times, then tap 7 times with your knuckles on your altar.

Tell your Cosmic Being the names of the Planets you represent during the Ritual, by naming them aloud. (Item 3 in the Ritual details).

Then say: "Admit me . . . (State the Name of the Cosmic Being

who guards the Ritual you are working) and do my bidding as I command." His Name is Item 4 in the Ritual details.

Knock on your altar 7 times.

Now firmly state what you wish to achieve. (Item 5 in the Ritual details). Use ordinary words, and make the statement as long or as short as you wish. Use the words in the Ritual details as an outline or guide, but you will find that your own thoughts and ways of stating your needs are more certain and more powerful.

Next, begin to quietly chant the Ritual's Avatar Mantrum (Item 6 in the Ritual details) in a slow rhythm, pronouncing it as written, with the same emphasis on each syllable. While you chant, with your eyes closed of course, pretend that your request has been granted: pretend that every last detail of the delights you have asked for have already arrived in a flood of power, light and happiness for you.

As you advance in your work, you may well see the form of the Cosmic Being you have called standing outside your Circle of Protection. This "seeing" can either be a perfect, glowing confidence that a powerful and benevolent person is with you as you chant, or it can be a startling revelation of actually observing a Divine Form before you as you squint through your eyelashes to find out why the room has suddenly been flooded with light.

You can then be perfectly certain when that happens that your Ritual will be a resounding success in very short order.

How Jessie W. Brought Discord and Fear to Her Rivals by Using the Haunting Horror-Producing Spell

Jessie W., a seamstress, had reached the depths of depression when she sought help from a psychic. Her sadness, despair and turmoil were the results of the actions of jealous rivals at her place of work.

"I used to be one of the best workers at the factory," she said. "Then several of the other women ganged up on me, simply because they were envious of my work and the bonuses I earned for having fewest rejected garments.

"There's nothing I can prove, but I just know they're causing my problems. Needles break on me, ruining dresses. Threads get tangled in my machine, delaying my schedules. Material splits while I'm sewing, just as if someone had slit it lightly with a razor. My lunch sandwiches

tasted funny last week, and I spent the afternoon vomiting in the washroom. Anytime I step the least bit out of line, the boss gets to hear of it. And my kids are being hassled at school, too."

Her list of sad troubles went on and on, and it was clear that someone was trying to undermine her good name and confidence. Deep lines were engraved in her brow as she talked, and her hair hung lank and graying across her lack-luster eyes.

"It's really getting to me," she said miserably. "I may have to stop work, and that will be disastrous for the whole family—we need my wages."

Her adviser suggested she should continue working, and he also introduced her to the Haunting Horror-Producing Spell.

"Work it on each of the people who are giving you a hard time," she was told. "Whoever is tormenting you will get the full effects, and no one else will be touched."

Her psychic counselor knew the Spell had worked as soon as Jessie bounced in to see him on a Friday evening a week or so later, smiling from ear to ear. Gone were the worry lines from her face. Her hair shone with new life, and her eyes sparkled with joy.

"Got a promotion today," she crowed. "Top bonus for the week, too. Everything's great again—and you should have seen what that Spell did to those jealous (expletive deleted) at the factory."

She filled in the details with obvious delight.

"The first day after I worked the Spell, five women in the factory got into a fantastic brawl—for no reason at all. One said she'd been tripped by her friend, the friend told her she had big feet, and they all pitched in for a free-for-all. They were pushing, scratching and spitting, tearing each other's clothes, and rolling around the floor like wildcats. One woman broke her arm, another had a pair of black eyes like a beaten boxer; they all had scratched faces, arms and legs, and one of them ended up stripped nearly to the buff with red slashes all over her body.

"It took the foreman and six other guys to pull them apart. They were fired instantly, of course, and the news went round so quick, I guess they'll be job-hunting for a long while."

Through neighbors and friends, Jessie kept an ear open for the next weird installment.

"Three of them are under sedation for nerves," she said. "One of them got picked up for shop-lifting right under the nose of a store detective. None of them are sleeping well because they keep having

terrible nightmares, with great monsters trying to eat them in their dreams.

"All five of them are already in debt and doing strange things. One got mad at her husband and drove the car over his foot—now they're both off work. Two of their husbands have left home and gone off with younger girls, and if anything can go wrong for those five, it does—in a big way.

"And everything's running smoothly for me, my man and the kids."

Her counselor suggested she could stop performing the Spell regularly at that time.

"Their lives will return to normal after a while," he explained. "But if you have any more problems with people, you know what to do now."

Maybe you have problem people around you who need to be taught a lesson. Carry out the Haunting Horror-Producing Spell on them, and watch them hop—you'll be delighted with the results.

Ending Your Ritual

Stop chanting the Avatar Mantrum after about five minutes, and then perform the following Dismissing Ritual.

THE DISMISSING RITUAL

As you stand before your altar, facing east, hands at your sides, feet together, say:

"I thank Thee, Cosmic Powers.
"The Ritual is done.
"All Forces, Entities and Energies
"Shall go about their business
"Until again I call.
"In the Ultimate Name,
"Go in peace to do my bidding.
"So mote it be."

Bring your hands up in front of you and pretend to draw a set of drapes closed, just as you opened them near the start of the Ritual.

Close your eyes, if they are not already closed, and say: "Fare thee well, all."

That expresses your gratitude to the Cosmic Beings and banishes the Elemental Powers which have been produced. It also ensures that any forces, harmless or otherwise, which have been attracted by the Ritual are ordered back to where they belong.

Magic Working Is Simple and Automatic

That didn't hurt a bit, did it? Naturally, the printed words here can give you little idea of the stunning powers generated during your Ritual. Certainly, as you become more and more practiced, you will feel hot and cool flashes coursing throughout your body. And as previously suggested, you may actually see the Beings you are invoking for their friendliness and help.

All you need to do after your Magic Working is to put aside your Mystic Robe and Talisman, extinguish the candle and incense, coil up your Rope of Protection, and put things away until you wish to work your next Magic.

If you wish, you can leave the Elemental Amulets and the Thaumaturgic Triplet in their places, but it is probably best to put them out of sight somewhere, so as not to excite the unnecessary interest of chance visitors to your Place of Working.

To build up the power, you can work any Ritual once a day. More often than that is undesirable. In fact, a good general rule of Magic is to concentrate on one Magical goal until it is successful and then move on to another.

By now you will no doubt have decided what miracles you wish to bring to pass in your life. Read the various Rituals in the following pages, and decide which one you will use first to bring happiness, power and wealth flowing to you. Then get to work, and may your every last dream appear in sparkling, glorious fulfillment as benevolent Cosmic Beings obey your commands.

Part 3: Four Enriching Rituals to Produce All the Money and Luxury You Can Imagine

Each Ritual here is designed to be used in the Master Procedure which was given to you in Part 2. Names and how to say them, any special details, and the achievements each Ritual is designed for are handed to you in a way which simplifies Magic-Working to make it as easy as buttoning your coat. What a contrast with the complicated, confusing and deceptive grimoires which exist!

Apply the eight items of your chosen Ritual in the places indicated in the Master Procedure in Part 2, and you see your unsurpassed miracles happen. It's as simple as that!

THE REWARDING TICKET-COME-TO-ME RITUAL

This Ritual has its most superlative effect if you work it a few days before you intend to buy a lottery ticket or to enter a competition where the prize depends purely on luck.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: ABALIM (pronounced "Ah-Bah-Limb," emphasis on final syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to win a prize in ....." (Name the lottery or competition you wish to win).
3. Planets Represented: Jupiter and Mercury.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: ATAPHIEL (pronounced "Ah-Tar-Fee-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to win a large prize in the contest I have named. I will use the prize to benefit myself and my family by buying the luxuries we need."
6. Avatar Mantrum: ME-SAH-BOO.
7. Best Time of Working: Monday, between 8 p.m. and 11 p.m., about one week after New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 9.

How Poor Evelyn P. Won a $500,000 Record-Breaking Lottery Prize After Performing the Rewarding Ticket-Come-To-Me Ritual

Perhaps a novelist could convey to us the sordid and despairing existence which Evelyn P. suffered in New York. It seemed to her that happiness, warmth, love, comfort and health were reserved for the rest of the world. Never had she known any of them in the smallest degree, from the time she was born into a family of twelve on West Side until she left the filthy tenement she called home, to pursue a dream of a few crumbs of happiness which she thought must exist for her somewhere.

She failed to find any. Lacking education and talents, without decent clothes, she found herself caught up in a lonely battle against an uncaring world. Skid Row crooked a skeletal finger at her. Her associates were as downtrodden and despairing as herself. She lacked any incentive to train for a job or to spruce herself up. Each day seemed as gray and colorless as the preceding ones, and she could see no light in the tunnel of woe ahead.

"I was panhandling one bitterly cold, rainy day. I'd gladly have given my body in exchange for a couple of dollars, but I was too sick, scrawny and haggard for any male to even consider taking me to his room, or even down a back lane," she said. "I approached a thin, bearded man whose eyes glittered strangely behind thick spectacles. Without a word, he gave me a five-spot—which stunned me—and then he pushed a paper into my hand, telling me to set myself up for life by following the instructions written on it."

Evelyn read the paper that night when she retired to the cold slimy basement room which she shared with several other derelicts.

"I guess I was willing to try anything," she said. "The paper told me how to perform the Rewarding Ticket-Come-To-Me Ritual. Now, you have to figure I was more than a little bughouse, because that Magic stuff . . . Nuts, I could have said—I got better things to do.

"But somehow I got into it. Collected the few things I needed and worked the Ritual. And I felt better—I mean, standing there calling on the Powers I thought for a minute the sun was shining."

Next day Evelyn started on her usual rounds looking for a crust.

"I nearly flipped, I really did, when a guy I'd spoken to said he didn't have a spare quarter, and then laid a N.Y. State lottery ticket on me," Evelyn said. "Too much—I mean, I worked the Ritual and then this dude goes 'Take this'—and there it is. Then I really blew my cool when the ticket won . . . you know, won top prize. I was afraid to go collect . . . thought I was dreaming."

Evelyn wasn't dreaming. Suddenly, she had more money than she'd ever considered in her most fevered imagination.

"First thing I had to do was get out from under the vultures," she said. "You've no idea how many hard luck tales I heard, how many get-rich-quick schemes I turned down. It was out of this world."

Evelyn high-tailed it for the West Coast and took refuge in Vancouver, Canada.

"I got my head together there," she said. "Learned about cosmetics, and clothes, and eating in plush restaurants and having a home of my own—all the things most people take for granted.

"I took it slow and easy, and then moved down to California. Just before I left, I wondered if the Rewarding Ticket-Come-To-Me Ritual was all a put-on . . . like a coincidence. So I worked it again, this time in a ritzy hotel suite, and went out and bought myself a Canadian lottery ticket—the one that carries a cool million bucks prize. I'd got me a handsome boyfriend by that time, and we agreed to split the money if we won.

"Are you ready for this? We won—and there's $500,000 in my clammy little mitt!"

Evelyn has almost forgotten the degradation she lived through. Her airy split-level home near the ocean used to belong to a famous movie queen. Evelyn has invested her money in a portfolio of shares which brings in cash to spare and will keep her in affluence for the rest of her days.

"At first I went a little crazy," she said. "Color TV? I had seven of them—even one in the bathroom. Cars? Five limousines and three sports models. I didn't have one swimming pool—but three: one cold, one heated, and the other filled with champagne. I had a mirror-lined bedroom with a bed big enough for ten . . . and I'd plumped out a bit by then, and guys found me attractive, so it didn't go unused. Then there was the living room wired for all-over sound and vision with heaters and vibrators in every chair . . . the airconditioning could blow the perfume of roses, carnations, newmown hay or seaspray at the wave of your hand . . . I even had the front-door bell wired up to play Elton John music. Pictures—my reception room looked like an art gallery . . . oh, it was insane, but it was wonderful."

Evelyn has adjusted to her superb life now. Any time she feels the faintest twinge of fear that her money may be running low, she works the Rewarding Ticket-Come-To-Me Ritual and has one of her chauffeurs buy her a lottery ticket. She says it's still fun to win something for nothing, even if she doesn't really need it.

THE OVERWHELMING GOOD-LUCK-IS-MINE RITUAL

This Ritual should be worked when things are going reasonably well for you, and you wish to increase your lucky breaks. If you are in a deep swing of misfortune and nothing is going right, the Genuine Bad-Luck-Banishing Ritual (page 184) is the one to use.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: BARBATOS (pronounced "Bar-Bah-Toes," emphasis on first syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to seek aid in changing my luck to good."
3. Planets Represented: Neptune and Jupiter.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: BODIEL (pronounced "Bo-Dee-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish any bad luck I may have be banished forever. I ask for good fortune at all times." (State what kind of good fortune you are seeking).
6. Avatar Mantrum: BAY-ZAH-LEE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Tuesday, between sunset and dawn, about three days before Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 1.

THE GREAT MONEY-SPINNING RITUAL

If you wish to increase existing money, use this Ritual. Camaysar is a Genius who multiplies your existing assets, rather than creating something out of nothing. Compare the Miraculous Gold-Creating Ritual which follows this one.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: CORAEL (pronounced "Coe-Rah-Ale," emphasis on first syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to be helped to increase my personal assets."
3. Planets Represented: Mars and Jupiter.

4. Name of Cosmic Being: CAMAYSAR (pronounced "Car-May-Zar," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to receive abundant cash which I shall use to pay off my debts, buy a home and enjoy an opulent life." (Be specific why you need money and what you will use it for).
6. Avatar Mantrum: CAR-RAH-CAR-SAW.
7. Best Time of Working: Tuesday, any time, preferably just after New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 8.

THE MIRACULOUS GOLD-CREATING RITUAL

Delukiel, the Cosmic Being you call to work this Ritual, is the One who can make money when you are in the depths of poverty. Decide if you need this Ritual, or the preceding Great Money-Spinning Ritual.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: DARQUIEL (pronounced "Dar-Key-Ale," emphasis on first syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to receive great wealth."
3. Planets Represented: Sun and Jupiter.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: DELUKIEL (pronounced "Day-Luke-Key-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to be blessed with enough money and material wealth to last me for the rest of my days. I shall buy myself an island in the Bahamas and retire to a life of ease and enjoyment." (That's an example, of course. Specify exactly why you want money and how you will spend it).
6. Avatar Mantrum: DO-MA-REE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Friday, between 11 p.m. and midnight, at or near Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 12.

Part 4: Three Power-packed Rituals to Satisfy Your Lust and Love

THE TITILLATING NATURE RITUAL

This Ritual is used to recreate physical abilities which have lessened or become weak due to illness or advancing age.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: EPITITIOKH (pronounced "Ape-Pea-Tea-Tea-Oak," emphasis on fourth syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to increase my physical powers."
3. Planets Represented: Mars and Sun.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: ELADEL (pronounced "Ale-Ah-Dale," emphasis on final syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: (use your own words to describe *exactly* what you wish to see happening to your physical self).
6. Avatar Mantrum: ABE-BOO-HOO-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Saturday, anytime after 4 p.m., a few days before Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 9.

THE IRRESISTIBLE BRING-A-LOVER RITUAL

Furlac, this Ritual's Cosmic Being, will bring a lover to you suited to your current needs. If you are, for instance, sexually inhibited, expect either a partner who will stimulate you, or one who is not sexually demanding. As your tastes in lovers change, perform the Ritual again. A new lover, aligned with your requirements, will come to you *provided you have not married one of the previous ones in the meantime.* Marriage bonds are very powerful Magic, and if you find yourself with a spouse, your best plan is to perform the Stimulating Partner-Enslaving Ritual which follows this one.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: FARUN FARO VAK-SHUR (pronounced "Far-Run-Far-Oh-Vark-Sure," emphasis on fifth syllable.)

2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to bring a lover to me."
3. Planets Represented: Venus and Pluto.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: FURLAC (rhymes with "Poor Jack").
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to meet a lover who is exactly suited to my needs, who will be delighted with me and will satisfy my every desire."
6. Avatar Mantrum: FAR-VAR-DEEN.
7. Best Time of Working: Wednesday, at 11 p.m., within three days of Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 8.

THE STIMULATING PARTNER-ENSLAVING RITUAL

This is primarily a love Ritual, but it can also be used with success in influencing the behavior and decisions of a business partner.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: GUABAREL (pronounced "Goo-Ah-Bar-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to enslave a partner."
3. Planets Represented: Venus and Jupiter.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: GAMBIEL (pronounced "Gam-Bee-Ale," emphasis on final syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to make . . . . (name the partner) a slave to my commands, obedient to my wishes, and willing to submit to all my requirements."
6. Avatar Mantrum: GAR-FEE-ALL.
7. Best Time of Working: Sunday, at any hour, at or just after New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 5.

Part 5: Three Miraculous Rituals to Restore Health and Bring Beauty and Potency to You

Note:
These Rituals must not be used in place of recognized and regular medical treatment. They should be used only in conjunction with your doctor's diagnoses, recommendations and prescriptions. Do not reveal to any medical person that you are performing the Rituals in this part, nor must you make any claims that Magic cured you when you return to health.

THE SUPREME BACK-TO-HEALTH RITUAL

This Ritual banishes general indispositions and brings glowing health and strength. If you have a specific disease, use the Secret Disease-Banishing Ritual which follows this one.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: IAOTH (pronounced "Ee-Ah-Oat," emphasis on the final syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to regain a healthy state."
3. Planets Represented: Saturn and Mercury.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: MUMIAH (pronounced "Moo-Me-Ah," emphasis on first syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to regain my health and be free of ....." (name the indispositions you wish to banish).
6. Avatar Mantrum: ISH-LEE-AH.
7. Best Time of Working: Friday, during daylight hours *or* at 10 p.m., Moon waning from Full toward New.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 6.

THE SECRET DISEASE-BANISHING RITUAL

Find out the names of the diseases or maladies you are suffering from, and announce them to Heleleth. He will gladly reinforce the prescriptions and treatment recommended by your doctor.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: HARIEL (pronounced "Harry-Ale," emphasis on final syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to banish my disease."
3. Planets Represented: Mercury and Moon.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: HELELETH (pronounced "Hay-Lay-Late," emphasis on final syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to be cured of the following diseases: ..... (name your medical problems as precisely and accurately as you know them, including all symptoms). I wish these diseases and their effects to be taken from me forever so that I may enjoy good health."
6. Avatar Mantrum: HEE-BALE-ZEE-WAH.
7. Best Time of Working: No special day or time.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 4.

THE FAST UNWINDING RITUAL

This Ritual, although apparently minor in its application, is a fantastically powerful way of banishing physical tensions and nervousness. Miraculous transformations of self well-being are reported after working it.

If possible, lie down flat on your bed for 30 minutes after performing the Ritual, quietly repeating the Avatar Mantrum.

During your day-to-day affairs, think the Avatar Mantrum whenever stress conditions occur. You will feel your tensions and nervousness draining away at once.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: JOSATA (pronounced "Yo-Sah-Tar," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to physically relax."
3. Planets Represented: Uranus and Moon.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: JESUBILIN (pronounced "Yea-Sou-Bee-Lean," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to be relieved of all tensions and their negative results so that I may be relaxed, harmonious and free."
6. Avatar Mantrum: YAY-DO-TUN.
7. Best Time of Working: Monday, at any hour, but almost equally effective on any day.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 3.

The Fast Unwinding Ritual Changed Nervous Robert V. Into a Rich, First-Class Salesman

Robert V. had always thought that popping a pill was the way to curb his extreme nervousness and tension. He was a representative for a magazine publisher, and he traveled continually visiting suppliers and stores.

"My life was rush, rush, rush," he said. "No time to sit and plan for the future. Little time for entertainment, conversation or enjoyment. Even when I did occasionally find time on my hands, I was in a constant state of turmoil, always needing to be on the go.

"Yet I accomplished very little. I fully realized I needed to sit down calmly and sketch out my future, but I was too wound up. I also had a distressing speech impediment, purely due to nerves, which often interfered with my closing deals."

When Robert developed a facial tic, a body twitch and insomnia, he realized it was time to get treatment.

"I took pills—red, blue, white, green, yellow. My suitcase looked like a pharmacy," he said. "The pills gave me an appearance of normalcy, but they slowed my brain, and I began to get huge indefinable fears visiting me in the dark of the night."

Robert began to go downhill fast. Suppliers found excuses to avoid him. His sales figures dived. He was spending more and more money on medication.

"The harder I tried, the worse it became," he said. "People were not in the least impressed by me. I was shaking, wild-eyed and incoherent. I couldn't put two thoughts together. In the open-air I feared invisible forces, and indoors I was terrified the walls were closing in on me."

One night last year, Robert met his rescuer in an Iowa city.

"I was slumped at the counter in a snackbar, overwrought and trembling," Robert said. "The pills had lost their power to calm me. As I lifted my coffee cup, it rattled like doom against the saucer, and I could hardly stop it from spilling."

Sitting on the next stool was a young, jeans-clad girl. She turned to Robert and spoke.

"I didn't hear a word," Robert said. "I found myself gazing into a pair of calm gray eyes. What she looked like, who she was or where she came from, I'll never know.

"But something about her took the edge off my tension. Almost at once she stood up and drifted out into the darkness. But she left me a small booklet. It contained the Fast Unwinding Ritual."

Rober retired to his motel room.

"I merely glanced at the booklet. I thought it was a religious tract," he said. "I was amused to find it recommending Magic to solve my problems. If medical science couldn't help me, I failed to understand how words and gestures could do it. But the words had a strange effect on me, and I recalled those honest gray eyes and decided to try the Ritual."

Miracle of miracles! Robert was transformed. His nervous twitches vanished. Tensions drained away like snowflakes in spring. He began greeting each new day with pleasure instead of gloom and despair. A new bounce came into his step, his unnamed fears dissolved and disappeared. He changed to a buoyant, confident person.

"One of the first calls I made on a local supplier showed me how much I'd changed," Robert said. "The agent didn't recognize me! 'Did that creepy guy finally go around the bend?' he asked. He was embarrassed as hell when he realized I was the 'creepy guy', and the big order I took from him was partly to make amends, I'm sure."

Robert's sales figures rocketed. The sun shone for him. People responded to this newly assured man.

"I threw away every bottle of pills," Robert said. "They symbolized a part of my life which was past. New horizons opened up. I was calm, happy and secure."

Robert is wealthy now. He soon climbed the ladder of success. His vastly improved performance soon led his employers to promote him to sales manager. His peaceful home in Missouri is filled with luxury and love.

"I found a life partner, too," Robert said. "Soon after I changed, I met Joan. We're married now, with a little one who looks like me in the nursery. Life's very rewarding and satisfying—and if either of us ever feels tense . . . well, we know the Ritual to cure that problem!"

Part 6: Three Crushing Rituals to Give You Supreme Power over Others

THE EXPLOSIVE EYE-GLANCE RITUAL

This Ritual produces an inner power which radiates from your eyes. When speaking to anyone, look between his or her eyes at the bridge of the nose. However, make this glance only occasionally: as with all Magic, you must not attract attention to its use. Do not try to "stare down" the person you are influencing.

Used in conjunction with hypnotic techniques, this Ritual amplifies hypnotic powers by an infinite amount.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: KATZFIEL (pronounced "Cats-Fee-Ale," emphasis on first syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to overwhelm others with my glance."
3. Planets Represented: Moon and Sun.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: KEVEQEL (pronounced "Kay-Vay-Kale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to gain a powerful personality which will overcome the wills of others by means of a level gaze. When I acquire this ability I will use it to ....." (Name your purpose; Keveqel will be interested to know).
6. Avatar Mantrum: KAFF-KAFF-EE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Most powerful on the day of Full Moon, but effective at all times.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 7.

THE MAGICAL WIN-IN-BATTLE RITUAL

Think of this Ritual as a means of overcoming all oppositions in life. Use it before being confronted by anyone with whom you need to reach agreement or before you enter any kind of competitive situation.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: LOQUEL (pronounced "Low-Kale," emphasis on first syllable).

2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to be victorious in all I attempt."
3. Planets Represented: Mars and Saturn.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: LIBABRIS (pronounced "Lee-Bah-Breeze," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to acquire the power to win the coming contest, when I shall be in conflict with ....." (state who or what you will be battling against and what you will do when you have won).
6. Avatar Mantrum: LA-MA.
7. Best Time of Working: Wednesday, midnight, near New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 1.

Valuable Life Contract Gained by an Aging Athlete With the Magical Win-In-Battle Ritual

Not all battles are fought between warring armies. Many personal battles occur every day, and to the individuals concerned, winning that battle is far more important thany any victory of an army over a well-armed foe.

Such a man was Doug H., one of the thousands of aspiring athletes who never quite made it to the big time. Doug's game was hockey, and he'd had the fever for it since, as he says, "I was no taller than a hockey puck stood on edge."

"Guess I never got the breaks," he said. "Then Old Father Time crept up on me. Finally I had to admit that I'd missed out on my biggest ambition."

His obsession with sport had cut into Doug's hours of study as he grew up, and he later regretted that he'd never completed his education.

"Had to take what I could get to earn a buck, and there were a lot of lean years," he said. "I failed in sport, and then found I was behind in the working world. Odd-job man, that was me. Do anything, repair anything—but never two thin dimes to spare."

Doug's consuming passion for sport remained with him, and he did his best to keep his aging body fit. He jogged and followed an exercise program.

"I was proud of my fitness," he said, "but Anno Domini chipped away at my wind and strength. I could still run rings around men half my

age, but I had to accept that I was over-the-hill as far as professional sport was concerned."

Always on the sidelines and never in the fray, Doug kept up with the sporting news. He admired the young up-and-coming athletes, even if he often growled, "they're not what they used to be in my young day. Now, if I had the handling of them. . . ."

Doug knew the game inside out. He spent hours on post mortems of games, analyzing how a tied game could have been won, how a lost game was sacrificed, how he would have handled the strategy, what he would have advised the skaters to do. But always it was only theory. He longed with a burning desire to be able to participate and put his knowledge into practice.

Last season, Doug's local hockey team was struggling. Injuries had weakened their attack, and the defensemen couldn't get it together. Doug cheered them on from the stands with the rest of the fans, but the team steadily slipped lower in the league.

Then came Doug's big chance. He heard on the grapevine that his team's coach was retiring. Could Doug gain that coveted position and get right into the arena as he'd always wanted?

Competition for the vacancy was fierce, he knew, but he applied for the job. Early interviews with the team managers confirmed that a coach would be chosen from seven possibles who were being considered. Doug was among those hopefuls.

He discussed his hopes with his wife the evening before the final selection would be made for the position of coach.

"You know all about the physical moves in hockey," she smiled. "What you've never taken any notice of is Magic. I can show you how to get the edge on your rivals and win. Try the Magical Win-In-Battle Ritual. You'll be battling to be chosen tomorrow, and you will need all the help you can get. You're not growing any younger."

Doug was prepared to make a stab at Magic. Under his wife's instructions, he carried out the Ritual.

Next day, he was on tenterhooks. Every time the phone rang he leaped on it. Early in the afternoon, the call came.

"I got it!" he yelled. "They chose me! Me! An unknown. Well, we'll show 'em now!"

He was as good as his word. Under Doug's direction, the team began winning. Soon they topped the league. Doug was in seventh heaven.

"What's my secret of success?" he winked. "You recall how we beat Chicago when no one gave us a chance? Well, I worked the Magical Win-In-Battle Ritual the night before the game. Maybe that had something to do with it?"

Doug's future is secure now. The fantastic success of their team earned the undying gratitude of the managers.

"Whatever happens in the time to come, I'm O.K.," Doug said. "They've put away an annuity for me. When I finally decide to hang up my skates for good, I'm set for the rest of my days. Meantime, I'm doing very nicely, thank you, already."

THE VOLCANIC YOU-WILL-SUBMIT RITUAL

Use this Ritual to make a particular person obey your wishes. If the situation requires you to overcome several people, or you're not sure to whom you will be opposed, use the Explosive Eye-Glance Ritual or the Magical Win-In-Battle Ritual.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: MEHUMAN (pronounced "May-Hoo-Man," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to impose my will on others."
3. Planets Represented: Neptune and Pluto.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: MELHA (pronounced "Male-Ha," emphasis on last syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to overcome ....." (name the person or condition you wish to overcome and then state what actions you will take after you have achieved the submission).
6. Avatar Mantrum: MAY-MOON-EYE.
7. Best Time of Working: Saturday, between sunset and midnight, close to Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 11.

Part 7: Three Stupendous Rituals to Transform Your Personal Relationships

THE TITANIC ENEMIES-VANQUISHED RITUAL

Before you work this Ritual, you must be absolutely sure that you have enemies. If you are merely in a cycle of ill-luck, and only suspect that others are causing your troubles, then use the Genuine Bad-Luck-Banishing Ritual.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: NURIEL (pronounced "Noo-Ree-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to vanquish my enemies."
3. Planets Represented: Uranus and Venus.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: NARUDI (pronounced "Nah-Rue-Dee," emphasis on last syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to be victorious over ....." (state who or what you wish to vanquish, then say what you will do when victory is yours).
6. Avatar Mantrum: NAY-REE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Tuesday, noon or midnight, close to Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 10.

THE ASTOUNDING CHANGE-OPINIONS-OF-OTHERS RITUAL

Carefully review your main goal in life before working this Ritual. Onafiel works most efficiently when He can focus on a particular target for you.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: OCTINOMON (pronounced "Oak-Tea-No-Moan," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to influence the opinions of others."

3. Planets Represented: Neptune and Moon.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: ONAFIEL (pronounced "Own-Ah-Fee-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to acquire the ability to change the thoughts of others to my advantage. When I have this talent I will use it to ....." (say exactly what you intend to do with this ability).
6. Avatar Mantrum: OH-ROE-MA-SEEM.
7. Best Time of Working: Thursday, 10 p.m. to 11 p.m., three days after New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 2.

Recognition, Success and Love Came to This Previously Unsuccessful Man After He Worked the Astounding Change-Opinions-Of-Others Ritual

Leo R. nursed a dream. He wanted to be an open-line moderator on the radio.

"Apart from the excellent salaries they pull down at the bigger stations," he said, "my idea of total happiness at that time was to be in the studio, listening to people as they telephoned, helping them, airing my views, discussing, arguing, and solving problems.

"It was, unfortunately, nothing more than a dream. I'm not ashamed to admit I've seen the insides of prisons, I've been poor, I've stood in breadlines, my education was picked up in the school of experience, and I had a reputation—not undeserved, by any means—for being unreliable and something of a boozer."

With those strikes against him, Leo's best efforts to get a try-out at his local radio station were thwarted. The existing crew of open-line anchormen were popular, and Leo's application to try a stint on the air was dismissed out of hand by producers and management alike.

"They wouldn't give me a chance," Leo said bitterly. "I was confident that if I could get on the air, I could prove myself, but I couldn't even get past the receptionist."

Strangely enough, Leo changed his luck while listening to one of the programs he yearned to participate in. One of the open-line men, who Leo knew earned $100,000 a year, was somewhat cynically kidding along with a man who had phoned in to say that all the country's troubles would stay the same or get worse, until every person in the country solved his or her own problems.

"The man was saying that a country is only as peaceful or successful as its inhabitants: politicians have very little control, and if the majority of the ordinary people are desperate, miserable and short of cash, then the country as a whole will be the same," Leo said. "The caller suggested that if everyone became peaceful, happy and satisfied, then that would positively affect the destiny of the country. He suggested that asking politicians to change conditions was futile—it had to be done individually.

"The moderator said the caller perhaps had a point, but how would he accomplish this miracle? The caller said that people could do it for themselves by personally mastering Magic Rituals. The moderator gave the guy a big horse-laugh and cut him off, but not before the caller had given a phone number for anyone interested enough to call him."

Leo called the number and arranged to meet the man. He proved to be a bearded adept of Magic who had used Rituals to become quietly rich. He explained to Leo that casting a Spell or working a Ritual on yourself is easy and effective, but expecting someone else to work miracles for you is like asking someone to go to the can for you. When he had made that point clear, he sold Leo the details of the Astounding Change-Opinions-Of-Others Ritual. Leo had explained to him what he wanted to do more than anything else.

"I worked the Ritual on a Thursday, as he suggested, and visited the radio station the following day," Leo said. "I was startled when one of the open-line men agreed to talk to me after he went off the air. I was even more amazed when he said I sounded like an interesting guy and invited me to be his special on-the-air guest the following Wednesday."

Leo grabbed the opportunity with both hands. He arrived at the studio trembling with anticipation, and the program started.

"The moderator allowed me to answer calls for half-an-hour," Leo said. "It seemed like five minutes. I got into politics, prison treatment, sports, marital problems . . . and just talked—said the first thing that came into my head."

Leo's success with callers was nothing short of phenomenal. After he left the studio, the switchboard was jammed with calls from people asking, "When is that wonderful man going to be on the air again?"

The station manager soon called Leo: he wasn't about to let response like that go unheeded. The manager recognized a popular attraction, even if he hadn't realized it before.

"I started in a quiet time slot, and as my popularity grew, I was moved to prime time," Leo said. "Then offers started to come in from other stations."

Leo chose the most lucrative, and you can hear him any day now, from Monday to Friday, on a West Coast station (Leo is not his real name, as you will realize—he said he has enough publicity and allowed his story to be used only if he was not identified).

"I've never been so happy," he said. "I'm helping people solve their problems and letting them feel better by airing their gripes. I'm famous and rich. And through my on-the-air contacts, I met my soul mate. We were married six months ago, and we share a split-level on an island off the mainland. I work just four hours a day and pull in more money than I thought possible a year ago.

"And it all began after I worked the Astounding Change-Opinions-Of-Others Ritual. So you can be sure if anyone ever calls in to my program to talk about Magic, I don't cut them off—I listen. And I hope one day the same man who gave me my secret of success will call in—those kinds of secrets need to be spread around."

THE POWERFUL TAKE-ME-TO-THE-TOP RITUAL

Decide exactly what you wish to become in what field. The more precise your commands, the more accurately Umeroz can execute them.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: UZIPHIEL (pronounced "Ooze-Ee-Fee-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to rise to the top of my chosen field."
3. Planets Represented: Uranus and Pluto.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: UMEROZ (pronounced "Oo-May-Rose," emphasis on first syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to reach the pinnacle of success as ....." (say what you wish to become).
6. Avatar Mantrum: OO-VAH-YAH.
7. Best Time of Working: Monday, after sunset, within seven days of New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 12.

Part 8: Five Amazing Rituals for Success in Your Job, Career and Business

THE FORCEFUL BUY-SELL RITUAL

If you can specify what product, item or service you wish to deal in, your chances for success are considerably enhanced. This Ritual is very much oriented toward trade and business.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: QUELAMIA (pronounced "Kay-Lamb-Me-Yah," emphasis on third syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to achieve success in my dealings."
3. Planets Represented: Uranus and Saturn.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: QANIEL (pronounced "Car-Knee-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to become powerful in buying and selling. My chief reason for wishing to acquire this power is to ....." (state your reason, and announce what you will do with your life when the power is yours. Qaniel has a fatherly interest in those he assists).
6. Avatar Mantrum: KAFF-SEE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Friday, any time.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 4.

How Small Storeowner Mike M. Became the Rich Owner of a Chain of Supermarkets After He Worked the Forceful Buy-Sell Ritual

The economic recession was inflicting heavy losses on Mike M. as he tried to keep his small store solvent.

"Prices were rising, competition from the big chains was fierce and sales were dropping while my overhead climbed," Mike said. "I had to cut out free delivery, and although my regular customers understood, it didn't do a thing toward bringing new customers. The energy shortage cut back on passing trade, and each week I saw the thin line of profit coming closer and closer to zero.

"I'd sunk my life savings and a large bank loan into the store, and

my wife and I had hoped it would provide us with income in our old age. Instead, it was becoming a nightmare of worries. When profits hit zero, I'd have no way of meeting the notes from the bank, and we'd be left destitute."

Economizing, cutting back on all expenses and trying to boost sales became a way of life for Mike and his wife. They were no longer able to think about vacations, retirement or any kind of relaxation.

"February was the fatal month," Mike said. "Outgoings topped income by several hundred dollars. I had nothing to fall back on. The bank was sympathetic, but money was very tight, so my existing credit was fully extended with them.

"We survived for a few weeks after I sold our car, but the drain continued. Jewelry went next, as we prayed that trade would pick up in the summer. July and August we broke even, with a little extra tourist trade.

"Then the pre-Christmas sales began, and we were in deep trouble."

With nothing left to sell, Mike sadly began to plan going into liquidation. His wife, although really too frail to handle the extra work, suggested they take in a boarder. Mike, unskilled for technical trades, hoped to get work as a shingler or house-painter.

"I was all set to lay my cards on the table at the bank when this stranger with a beard came in and bought some groceries," Mike said. "He was thin as a lath, wore glasses and a turtle-neck sweater with a strange pendant on his chest. I've not seen him before or since.

"He stayed for a while to talk, and he seemed to know a great deal about my business. I finally asked him, pretending it was a joke, if he was a tax inspector. He said he wasn't: he was a traveling psychic, doing card readings for people. I thought he was going to con me into telling my fortune, but I didn't need that—my future seemed black to me, and I didn't need anyone to tell me about it."

But the stranger laid a booklet on Mike's counter, suggesting he might try the instructions given inside it.

"He said that if, and only if, it worked, I could send a dollar to the address in back," Mike said. "He left then, and I saw him drive off in a little yellow car."

Mike told his wife about the stranger that evening.

"Can't figure his angle," Mike said. "If he's looking for clients, or trying to get cash, he'll hardly make his fortune that way."

The booklet contained instructions for working the Forceful Buy-Sell Ritual. Mike was unimpressed. His wife was more positive—she had been raised in Pennsylvania (The Keystone State farmers retain a great deal of the pre-Christian Teutonic magic) and knew the powers of the supernatural. She pressed Mike to try the Ritual.

"Call it a last resort by the desperate, but I worked the Ritual," Mike said. "Expectations? Zilch! But at least it got my wife off my back!

"I kidded her along as we cashed up next day. The take was just about average. 'Where's all the hundreds of new customers?' I said to her."

But Magic was working quietly in Mike's favor.

"Nothing seemed to have changed. The Ritual had merely delayed my going bankrupt by a couple more days," Mike said. "But was I glad that delay took place. Two days after the Ritual, a representative of a foodstore chain dropped by. He was in the market to buy small, unprofitable stores, enlarge and streamline them, and put the original owner back in as manager. Within a week I could look the bank manager in the eye again!"

The market chain bailed Mike out. They put up working capital and enlarged and converted his store. He started with a regular salary larger than any profit he'd ever made from the store, plus an interest in a profit-sharing scheme and a generous pension plan.

"It gave me new heart," Mike said. "I had the backing to try out all kinds of marketing and promotional schemes I'd never been able to afford before.

"The cash tills were ringing day and night. My bank balance went from zero to an incredible figure. Soon we had a new car—a far better one than the original jalopy we'd had to sell. My wife and I were able to move out of our cramped apartment and buy a house, and also a cottage in the mountains."

Mike's sales hit a peak, and he was rewarded by the company with more money and greater responsibilities. Soon he was overseeing all the stores in the State.

"I never stopped climbing," Mike said. "Now I own a large chunk of this food empire. I fly around in my private plane, just keeping an eye on the different stores and taking a percentage of the profits.

"Instead of slaving 80 hours a week for a pittance, I'm free to relax and enjoy life. Money? Name it, and I can buy it.

"I sent that bearded guy $1,000 for the copy of the Forceful Buy-Sell Ritual. It was worth every cent of that. Funny thing: he sent $999 back to me, with a note saying: 'Thanks—but I've no need of your money. I use the Ritual myself'."

THE AUTOMATIC TEST-SUCCESS RITUAL

As you will note under Item 5 of this Ritual, be prepared beforehand to describe the test and its details clearly to Ram Avatar. As with all Magic, precision of aim brings greater success than general or "scatter-gun" requests.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: REMPHA (rhymes with "Came far").
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to pass a test successfully."
3. Planets Represented: Moon and Pluto.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: RAM AVATAR (pronounced "Rahm-Ah-Vah-Tar," emphasis on third syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to be supremely successful in the future test which will take place ....." (Name the time, date, place and subject of the test, then say why you need to pass and what you will gain from it.)
6. Avatar Mantrum: RAH-HA-BEE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: No particular time.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 3.

Promoted to the Top After Passing an Important Examination, Thanks to the Automatic Test-Success Ritual

Curtis F. was facing the biggest opportunity of his life. For years he had been one of life's losers. Promotions had passed him by, jobs had been terminated and the breaks had always favored the other guy.

"I sat down one day and looked at myself. I'd worked for 27 different people in 18 years and I was all set to go on doing that for the rest of my days," Curtis said. "Nothing to show for it. No money in the bank, only the basic necessities of life, and my dreams of seeing the world, of enjoying wealth and of knowing some of the better things were fading fast.

"I decided to make a big effort. I signed up to study law in my

spare time. If I could get a foot in the door there, I knew I could make it."

Curtis threw himself into his studies. He found he had a natural aptitude for the logic and data of his chosen subject. As time passed he made good progress.

"But I knew the big hurdle was still ahead of me: the oral and written test which would give me my first law credentials. With those I could break into the field and compete with qualified people," Curtis said. "I knew I faced a stiff challenge. I reviewed the test papers from previous years, and my determination quivered. Would I be able to make it? All the studying, all that cash invested, all the denials of relaxation would go for naught if I failed.

"If I failed, it would be a full year before I could try again, and I'd decided I was as ready as I ever would be. If I blew it, I was going to abandon the whole scheme."

So Curtis' entire future hinged around a single examination. Pass, and he stood a chance of getting ahead in the world. Fail, and he was condemned to his existing life of quiet desperation and penury.

"Then a strange incident happened," Curtis said. "The test was one week away, and I was cramming like a good 'un in every spare minute I could find.

"I was working the graveyard shift at a 24-hour filling station. Around 4 a.m. in the dark dawn hours, with cars few and far between, this girl walked out of the darkness of the highway into the lights of the station. She was tiny, five foot nothing, short red hair, and deepset yellow eyes. She came into the office and sat down, asking if I would give her some hot soup. She said she had no money."

Intrigued, Curtis slipped money into the hot drinks machine and bought the girl a soup. She sipped it, gazing over the rim of the paper cup. Curtis felt her tawny eyes looking deep into his.

"You'll not be working here long," she said in a calm voice. "You're heading for fame and fortune. But you've got an important event taking place soon. Read this: take it for the soup. It'll help you."

She laid a tattered piece of parchment on the counter and stood up to go.

"Thanks," she said simply. "Oh, yes—the next car coming here will be the sheriff. Tell him to wait out of sight. Five minutes after he arrives, two guys in a blue Chevy will try to hold you up and clean out the cash drawer. If the sheriff's here, you'll be O.K. If he's already gone . . . brother, you're dead."

She went quietly out into the sharp light of the forecourt. The door swung closed behind her, and she walked away into the darkness.

"Sure enough, the sheriff's car swung in two minutes later," Curtis said. "He laughed at my shock and listened to my story with a cynical grin. But he agreed to park his car behind the office and stay in the shadows for a while, just in case the girl wasn't putting me on.

"She wasn't. Two guys arrived in a blue Chevy right on schedule. One of them jumped me at the pumps and held me at knife-point while the other headed for the office."

The sheriff moved in and foiled the hold-up. After a brief struggle and a radio call, two chastened thugs were hauled off to jail.

"I don't know how she knew," Curtis said. "Those two guys had driven all night from hundreds of miles away. They denied knowing any yellow-eyed girl. But her spooky knowledge gave me confidence in the parchment she'd given me. It told how to perform the Automatic Test-Success Ritual."

Curtis scheduled the Ritual for each evening up to the time his examination was due.

"It gave me something I'd been lacking," he said. "An inner peace grew in me. The tense fear of failure receded. Facts and figures seemed to come to the front of my mind more easily."

Curtis took the examination and tensely waited for the results.

"When they arrived, I found I had sailed through with close to a perfect score," he said. "My diploma and credentials were a reality."

A totally new and stimulating existence began for Curtis. He secured an excellent first position on the strength of his magnificent examination results. Promotion and progress followed swiftly.

"On the way up I faced other tests," Curtis said. "Naturally, I used the Automatic Test-Success Ritual. It never failed me."

Today Curtis is the head of a well-known consortium of Philadelphia lawyers. His colleagues admire him for his rapid climb, and rich clients ask for his personal services.

"Even in my most optimistic fantasies, I never thought I'd hit this peak of luxury and satisfaction," Curtis said. "I never saw that miracle girl again, but last Christmas a card arrived at my office. Inside was a single lock of red hair, attached to a card. On the card was written: 'You made it. I knew you would. I'm glad.'

"Often, when I'm on a vacation cruise, or at some glittering function, I sometimes think I see those great yellow eyes looking at me across the room. But it's never her."

THE DELIGHTFUL TELL-ME-MY-POWERS RITUAL

You have talents which are as yet undiscovered or not yet fully used. After working this Ritual, relax in a chair and let your mind flow freely. Listen to any impulses or hunches on what project or subject it might be useful for you to pursue.

Thereafter, promptly accept all chances which come your way to improve your existing skills, or to try your hand at new occupations, hobbies or crafts.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: SANGARIEL (pronounced "Sang-Are-Ree-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to learn my inner powers and talents."
3. Planets Represented: Sun and Venus.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: SHATHNIEL (pronounced "Shat-Knee-Ale," emphasis on first syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to know what my inner powers are, to enable me to find greater success, freedom and harmony in the world."
6. Avatar Mantrum: SAM-HE-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Sunday, early morning or late evening, close to Full Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 9.

THE THRILLING I-CAN-WOW-THEM RITUAL

Use this Ritual before you make a personal appearance in front of an audience. This applies to lectures, appeals, addresses and presentations as well as show business work.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: TIKARATHIN (pronounced "Tea-Car-Are-Teen," emphasis on last syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to be able to project my personality."
3. Planets Represented: Pluto and Sun.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: TORQUARET (pronounced "Talk-Are-Ate," emphasis on last syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to achieve acclaim and applause from audiences. In particular, I wish to be a special

success ....." (name the occasion, the time, date and place. Then say what prime ambition you expect to achieve).
6. Avatar Mantrum: TOUR-ME-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Saturday, at any hour.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 6.

How Small-Time Entertainer Graham D. Gained the Top of the Bill and $1,000,000 After Performing the Thrilling I-Can-Wow-Them Ritual

His guitar was the only thing Graham D. could call his own. He had a burning desire to find recognition in show business, but he waited in vain for the big time to discover him.

"When that song about giving the best years of your life to rock and roll came out, I figured it had been written for me," he said. "Time after time I thought I'd made it, but fame was always a tinsel bauble just beyond my reach. The months and years rolled by, but I was stuck in the smalltime."

Dark little clubs, small dance halls, charity gigs, open-air concerts, all heard Graham's music. He played on trains, in buses, on sunny beaches, in green fields. He played the crowds and he played in the loneliness of squalid rooms with only the roaches to listen to his music.

"Hungry? Most of the time. Sick? Often—and no one to care. Tired? Hoo, boy: I've done gigs where I've been asleep on my feet, but needed the few bucks they would pay," he said. "And always the dream of the big promoter hearing me play and sing, offering me the recording contract which would mean fame and fortune."

Graham wandered far, seeking his dream.

"I met one of the top guys in showbiz one day," Graham related. "I wandered hopelessly into his dressing-room, hoping maybe some of his luck would rub off on me.

"He was laid back, relaxed. He could afford to be—he'd just signed a recording contract for $2,000,000. He was great: listened to my story . . . even asked me to play for him."

The star was kind, but Graham had to agree when the star said Graham was O.K. but there were hundreds of others with the same ability and talent.

Graham sadly packed up his guitar and prepared to leave.

"The star grinned when I asked him the secret of his success. A thousand newspapermen had asked him the same question," Graham

said. "He'd always answered, 'Bit of talent and lotsa luck.' But he gave me a different answer.

"Swearing me to secrecy, he gave me the lowdown on the Thrilling I-Can-Wow-Them Ritual. He made me promise not to reveal a word and said that even if I did tell the world that he'd got to the top by Magic, he'd deny it and have me labeled as a kook."

Exactly a month later Graham was in a state of ecstatic shock. A bigtime singer had been booked for the East Coast theater where Graham had secured a five-minute spot on the bill.

"I was to be the solo guy who kept the crowd quiet while they found their seats at the opening of the show. Then a famous local group would play, followed by the star of the show," Graham said. "It looked like it would be no different from a hundred similar gigs."

Graham took his five-minute spot, giving it all he had, as usual. The crowd was enthusiastic, but in the short time Graham was on stage, he knew he could make little impression on them.

"They'd have applauded a performing dog act," Graham said. "They were excited and looking forward to enjoying the big name."

As Graham stood in the wings after his spot, he noticed a flurry of activity backstage. Above the throb and pulse of the local group out front, he caught a snatch of conversation. Graham grabbed a passing stagehand.

"What gives?" he said.

"The star can't make it. His plane was delayed—we knew he'd be late—but we've just got news that he's socked in by fog in Pittsburgh. They're trying to fix alternative transport but no way is he going to get here tonight," the man said. "Those kids out there will tear the place apart."

A hush fell on the theater as the local group ended a set and the promoter walked into a spotlight at center stage, holding a microphone, alone.

He gave the facts quickly, and a barrage of catcalls, boos and shouts went up. The place was on the edge of dissolving into a riot.

The promoter offered money back. He pleaded with the crowd. He promised a free show as soon as the star could make it. The audience stayed ugly. Pandemonium reigned.

Holding his guitar, Graham peered round the proscenium arch. Someone in the audience saw him and cheered, mistaking him for the star of the show.

The catcalls changed to applause and stamping. The rumor flew

through the theater that the promoter was building suspense with a big put-on.

Desperately, the man beckoned to Graham to come on stage. As Graham stepped into the light, he could see beads of sweat rolling down the promoter's face.

"Play for them, man. Do anything. Quiet 'em down if you can," the promoter shouted above the clamor.

Graham stepped to the mike and hit a chord. It echoed out over the auditorium like a chime of bells. He opened his mouth and sang. The local group, still on stage, joined him, picking up the beat and his harmonies, playing tag with his melody line, laying down a solid, pulsing rhythm.

"I don't recall what I sang. I just know there was Magic in that theater," Graham said. "The kids out front were suddenly quiet. I gave them all I had and a lot I didn't even know I had. I played for an hour, and each time I stopped they yelled, screamed, shouted and pounded on the floor for more. Girls were laying on the front of the stage, trying to kiss my feet.

"It was wonderful. It was fantastic. It was all the things I'd never reached before. It was all I'd waited for, prayed for, battled for, yearned for. It was exactly what I'd asked for when I worked the Thrilling I-Can-Wow-Them Ritual."

Graham had to be smuggled out of the theater under escort at 1 a.m. Crowds still circled the block, chanting his name.

"Maybe you can imagine the change. I went from nothing to infinity literally overnight," Graham said. "Contracts came in until I was knee-deep in them. The first one I signed was for $1,000,000 but that was only a fraction of what I received for later contracts.

"Everywhere I went, I was lionized. Girls and women tried to rush my hotel, crept up the fire-escapes, and beat on the windows. It was almost scary."

You can hear Graham anytime you turn on a rock station on your radio now. (Naturally, I've changed his name). He's reached a level where he's worth a cool ten million dollars, with more coming in every day. He flies from gig to gig, first class, with his backup group of famous musicians.

He's bought interests in real estate, in transport and in electronics. Word has it that he has a truckload of gold and silver stacked away in his Colorado mountain hideaway.

"I still use the Thrilling I-Can-Wow-Them Ritual," Graham

said. "At times I have to meet businessmen when I'm swinging deals instead of music. The Ritual works equally well—they're invariably impressed, knocked over, and agree with my suggestions."

THE UNIQUE KNOW-WHAT-COMES RITUAL

Knowing the future gives you tremendous advantages. If you are prompted to learn any fortune-telling techniques, such as card reading, palm reading, crystal ball gazing or other psychic pursuits, do not hesitate to master the art: that will be Vocasiel offering you the clearest way to see into the future.

After working the Ritual, listen for and obey all hunches and intuitions which reach you, and note what information about the future is given to you in your dreams.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: VARUNA (pronounced "Vah-Rune-Are," emphasis on last syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to foresee the future."
3. Planets Represented: Saturn and Jupiter.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: VOCASIEL (pronounced "Voke-Car-Sea-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to have the doors of time opened for me, so that I may see the future. I shall use this ability ....." (say why you need this power, and what is the first major use you will make of it).
6. Avatar Mantrum: VO-WHO-MA-NAH.
7. Best Time of Working: Wednesday, after dark, Moon between New and Full, i.e. waxing.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 1.

Part 9: Six Ultimately Powerful Rituals to Bring Superlative Benefits to You

THE MARVELOUS SEE-WHERE RITUAL

Use this Ritual to find lost objects. Describe the missing item clearly to Weatta, and after the Ritual, sit in a darkened room and pay attention to your stream of thoughts, and anything else going on in your head. Write down and act on the information received.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: WALLIM (pronounced "Wall-Eem," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to find that which is lost."
3. Planets Represented: Moon and Venus.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: WEATTA (pronounced "Way-Ah-Tar," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to be granted the power of knowing the exact whereabouts of ....." (state what you are seeking, and where it was last seen).
6. Avatar Mantrum: OH-MOE-FOR-US.
7. Best Time of Working: Wednesday, after dark, Moon waxing from New toward Full.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 10.

How Floyd Y. Was Richly Rewarded After Finding a Kidnaped Child With the Marvelous See-Where Ritual

Floyd Y., an avid student of the occult, was always seeking ways of helping others with the powers of Magic. His chance came when a newscast revealed that the 8-year-old son of a wealthy oil tycoon had been taken from his home by kidnapers.

"The police were baffled," Floyd said. "Obviously, a team of experts had carried out the snatch. The boy's father was offering a reward of $100,000, no questions asked, for the safe return of his son.

He was waiting anxiously for the kidnapers to contact him. They were supremely confident, having phoned a derisive message to a local radio station, saying that the cops could search all they liked and that they'd fail."

Floyd sorted through his Magical records and located the Marvelous See-Where Ritual.

"I performed it and sat down quietly afterwards. I felt light and detached, almost in a trance state as I waited with my eyes closed," Floyd said. "Then I began to see a series of moving pictures in my mind as if I were dreaming. First, I saw the boy alive and well, in a windowless room. Next, I was on the ground floor of the same building. Four men were playing cards, while a fifth prepared a ransom note. Then I was outside the house, moving down a long driveway to the mailbox where I read the number of the house. I saw a long, rutted lane leading to a highway, and the highway led to a town which I recognized as being some 30 miles from the boy's home.

"Then my dream camera took me back to the kidnapers again. One of them was reading the note to his colleagues. They were going to ask for $250,000 to be dropped out of the father's car as he drove it hundreds of miles through the night along a freeway. When a car behind him flashed its lights three times, he was to pull over onto the shoulder, leave the money and then drive on. The kidnapers added that the presence of tailing cars or other people in the father's car would cancel the deal."

Floyd retained a clear memory of his revelation. He called the local police. They were at a standstill in their investigations, and when Floyd said his information on the boy came from an intuitional hunch, the police were not as skeptical as Floyd had expected.

"A detective came around to see me. My information was so precise they figured I might be an associate of the kidnapers. The detective soon realized I was not connected with them. Naturally, I didn't disclose I was using Magic," Floyd related. "I went to police headquarters with the detective, who finally said that he couldn't allocate men and equipment purely on my hunch, but if the ransom note was as I had said it would be, then they'd move in on the address I'd given."

The rest is history. The demand was telephoned to a radio station while Floyd was still talking to the police. It was word-for-word as Floyd had said it would be.

"As well as amazing the police, that did more than anything else to remove their suspicions that I might be in touch with the crooks," Floyd said. "Details about the boy in the message showed that it had been written while I was at headquarters, so I couldn't possibly have been in contact with the kidnapers. That was a quiet thrill for me—as well as finding the boy, I'd traveled into the future in my Ritual revelation."

The crooks surrendered without a struggle. They were caught flat-footed, serenely sure that there was no way they could be traced. Even though they're spending long terms in jail, they have no clue of how they were outwitted.

"I collected the $100,000 reward and saw the boy reunited with his father," Floyd said. "A very satisfying benefit from simply working the Marvelous See-Where Ritual."

THE IDEAL CHANGE-MY-HOME RITUAL

Best results are achieved when you know where you wish to go. However, if you have no new home in mind, Purah will locate one for you. Naturally, you will deal with the physical arrangements for moving your belongings. Also remember you are seeking happiness in your new abode: its physical dimensions may not measure up to what you were expecting; Purah, however, is aware of the future and may decide that you will find happiness in a small apartment and only misery in a mansion.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: PHATIAL (pronounced "Far-Tea-Ale," emphasis on first syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to move to a different home."
3. Planets Represented: Mercury and Mars.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: PURAH (Pronounced "Poor-Ah," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to leave my present abode and find happiness in another one." (If you have a new home already in mind, say so, giving the address).
6. Avatar Mantrum: POO-ROO-SHAH.
7. Best Time of Working: Sunday, 9 p.m. to 11 p.m. or during daylight, close to New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 8.

Her Chaotic Poverty-Stricken Domestic Conditions Became Luxurious and Harmonious After She Applied the Ideal Change-My-Home Ritual

Stella Q. had had little to complain about until her husband died. He had been a farm worker, and their cottage in a field far from the highway had suited Stella and her spouse. They had known nothing different as they raised three children who moved off to the city as soon as they were old enough.

Stella and her man stayed in the cottage. Her husband worked long and hard on the farm, while Stella hauled water from the well, tended the old iron stove and kept it supplied with logs.

"Guess we could have had electric power installed, but we never got around to affording it," Stella said. "Our oil lamps were good enough, especially when they invented the pressure type."

So the couple lived an old-fashioned life, cut off from progress. They were content with each other, and although they were pleased when their children visited with them occasionally, Stella was glad when they left again.

"Always on the go," she said. "Want to see this, do that, ride here, run there. It was too much for my old bones."

Stella's husband passed away peacefully one winter night as the stars blazed down from a deep velvet prairie sky. Stella had been expecting him to go, and it came as no surprise to her.

Her natural grief subsided, and she attempted to pick up the threads of her life again. Gradually she, too, felt the ravages of old age. Arthritis crippled her hands, and her old muscles weakened. Cataracts spread over her eyes, and soon she was able only to distinguish light and dark and the outlines of large objects.

"I knew my house was a mess, I could smell it," she said. "My children had gone far afield, to Europe, Australia and Africa. I guess I was too proud to call them for help.

"I had a pension come in my mail regularly, and even though I'd sold the horse and buggy after my husband died, I could still manage to get to the store for my few needs."

But fierce pride and strength of will were not enough. Stella fell ill, and lay for three days in a cold house, tucked under blankets which did little to stop the shiverings of a raging fever.

"I thought I would die," she said, "but the fever went away, and I knew it was time to make some changes in my life style."

Stella decided to call on Magic for aid. Recalling old knowledge passed to her by her grandmother, Stella performed the Ideal Change-My-Home Ritual.

"It seemed the logical thing to do," she said. "I didn't want to bother anyone, so I talked to Cosmic Beings. Much more helpful and friendly than most humans."

Two days after working the Ritual, Stella's request was granted. A land developer came knocking on her door. He was buying tracts of real estate for future housing projects. Stella's cottage was in the middle of a prime section.

"He asked me if I'd ever thought of selling," Stella said, "then named a price which nearly laid me flat. 'Course, I didn't know how land prices had shot up in recent years, but it was a very fair offer in any case.

"I said I'd take it, on condition he paid the lawyer's fees to set me up in a more convenient place nearer the town."

The developer agreed, and fulfilled his obligations admirably. Stella is now living in a little house near the clinic she visits each week. All on one level, the home is designed for senior citizens and has running water, electric power, labor-saving machines and everything possible to make an old lady's life as comfortable as possible.

"The clinic did a great job on my cataracts," she said. "Once I was able to attend regularly, they fixed me up with an operation and lenses, and I can see as good as new now. Certainly started a swing toward happiness for me when I worked that old Ritual. But that's what they're for, you know."

THE FLASHING CAUSE-DISCORD RITUAL

People must be deliberately harming or maliciously opposing you before you lay the devastating Powers of Xomoy on them.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: XATHANAEL (pronounced "Zat-Ann-Ah-Yale," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to cause discord among my enemies."
3. Planets Represented: Mars and Venus.

4. Name of Cosmic Being: XOMOY (pronounced "Zo-moy" and rhymes with "Oh, boy!")
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to see turmoil break out between ....." (name those you wish to see disrupted).
6. Avatar Mantrum: ZONE-OR
7. Best Time of Working: Tuesday, any hour.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 5.

How Hans C. Blasted His Foes, Causing Them to Fight Each Other, by Applying the Flashing Cause-Discord Ritual

Hans C. was fighting to save his job. At a time when unemployment was high, he was still securely employed as a bank clerk. With money conditions worsening, the bank management had been forced to let several men and women go, as an economy measure.

"I realize in a small town that laying off staff causes problems," the bank manager said, "but it was either that, or seeing the bank close its doors later and sending the whole staff on the streets."

Hans, hard-working, reliable and conscientious, had never been popular among his colleagues. He was dedicated to the banking business and aspired to the position of chief clerk, and later, manager.

"Five people, three men and two women were let go," Hans said. "They were the most junior, either unmarried or with no children to support.

"But they resented being out of work and started a whispering campaign to try to discredit the remaining employees. I suppose they thought if they could get someone fired for alleged misconduct, one of them might fill the vacancy. For some reason, they zeroed in on me as the target of their displeasure and viciousness."

Hans was able to laugh at the childish anonymous notes which arrived by mail addressed to the manager.

"They said I was dipping my fingers in the till and covering it up by bribing the auditors," Hans said. "The manager dropped the letters in the garbage where they belonged, but it put a strain on our smooth relationship."

Next, Hans saw one of the out-of-work men lurking around his car.

"I couldn't prove a thing, but the brakes failed as I was turning into Main Street," Hans said. "I hit a utility pole and bent the fender, but by the Grace of God, no one was hurt."

Walking to work next day, Hans was passing an alley when a shower of muddy water poured over him.

"I had to go home and change, and I was late for work for the first time in five years," Hans said. "I recognized who it was laughing as I received the filthy shower."

Hans suffered a painful twisted ankle within two days. Someone had tied a thin cord across his gateposts to trip him.

"They then began lurking around my house late at night, hooting like owls and tapping at the windows. They seemed to do it in shifts, because I hardly got a wink of sleep for a full week because of their disturbances," Hans said. "I had the police come and search, and the hooligans disappeared, only to come back when the squad car departed."

Hans' work began to suffer. Several times the chief clerk showed him errors in his work which were apparently due to lack of attention. Hans was not going to make excuses, and he knew that unless he improved his performance he would be the next to go.

"If the police could do nothing, I knew someone who could," Hans said. "And that was Xomoy, the Cosmic Being of the Flashing Cause-Discord Ritual.

"I learned the startling powers of Magic from my old grandmother from Holland."

Hans had his first good night's sleep after performing the Ritual. Next day, he made quiet enquiries about his tormentors.

It seemed that early in the evening the five had met at a bar, apparently plotting the night's strategy for disturbing Hans.

"I spoke to the bartender and got the full story," Hans said. "The five began arguing at the table almost as soon as they sat down. Then one of the women threw her martini in her companion's face. That started a general fracas, but they calmed down when management threatened to throw them out.

"But they were soon at it again. One of the men broke a glass and was going to stab his friend. The menaced man promptly kicked the heavy table over, and it fractured the pelvis of the woman who'd thrown the drink."

As the glasses smashed and the women screamed, the bartender tipped off the cops by phone. The lawmen burst in five minutes later just in time to pick up the bodies.

In trying to right the table and lift it off her injured companion, the

second woman slipped in the spilled booze and put her arm through a window, gashing her wrist deeply. She fainted at the sight of the blood, falling in the path of one of the men who was advancing, fists cocked to do battle. He tripped on the fallen woman, and fell over knocking himself unconscious on a leg of the table.

The two male survivors made a concerted dash to pick up their slumbering buddy and met head on with a crack of skulls which echoed round the bar.

The police entered to find those two sitting on the floor dazed, counting stars. But the incident was not over. Hauled off for interrogation, one of the dazed men sang like a canary, implicating his four companions in a break-in they had all taken part in a while before. Hearing of his duplicity, the other four opened the floodgates of accusations.

"No less than nine previously unsolved crimes, ranging from car theft to assault, were laid to the five of them," Hans said. "They're out of my hair for a long while.

"Doesn't do to tangle with someone who knows his Magical rites!"

THE ARCANE INVISIBILITY RITUAL

Tread carefully with this Ritual. It's very ancient and has ramifications which a beginner might not consider.

The best way to operate initially is to complete the Ritual and then sit quietly in a chair. Close your eyes and pretend that you are in a place where you wish to discover secrets. As you make progress in cooperating with Yeshayah, you will find you are carried, in your mind, to your destination, where you may clearly know what is going on. This, in fact, is better than physical invisibility: even when you have become invisible to others, you will still be unable to pass through locked doors or to enter a room without opening the door. Physical invisibility is really a cloak of influence which surrounds you, so that, although you are actually there, the people present do not see you. Yet they will see doors opening and closing as you go in and out, and if someone walks into you, you will both feel the impact, even though the person will not know what he has walked into.

True invisibility comes when you have total faith and familiarity in Yeshayah, and have met Him by your altar several times. He will tell you when you are ready to actually walk invisibly in the streets, or sit unseen in a room.

Be especially careful crossing roads when you are invisible: the drivers cannot see you, but the vehicles will hit you just as hard as they would in your normal state.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: YEBEMEL (pronounced "Yay-Bay-Male," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to travel invisibly to discover secrets."
3. Planets Represented: Uranus and Neptune.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: YESHAYAH (pronounced "Yay-Shah-Yah," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to move unseen, taking my eyes and ears invisibly to ....." (state where you wish to go and what you intend to do while you are invisible).
6. Avatar Mantrum: YAH-HA-LA.
7. Best Time of Working: Friday, between 6 p.m. and midnight, New Moon or thereabouts.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 11.

She Listened in on Her Plotting Neighbors and Outwitted Them Using the Arcane Invisibility Ritual

Widowed Doris T. knew her neighbors were hatching something unpleasant, but she couldn't figure out what it was. She kept to herself, but she was the target of smoldering glances from them. Whenever she passed any of them in the street, they stopped talking and watched her out of the corners of their eyes until she was out of earshot.

"What's with old Mrs. Grundy?" Doris' grown-up son, Sam, asked at supper one evening. "I just met her, and if looks could kill, I'd have fallen dead in the street. And Mrs. Whatsit—you know, the one with the ugly floozy of a daughter—she was giggling at me as I passed her gate. Is it Full Moon or something?"

Doris smiled at her son's words, but she had a hunch that whatever was going on, it boded ill for her or Sam. She decided to use a little Magic to find out.

"I learned the Art of Magic when I was in my twenties," she said. "I don't often use it, but it's a potent weapon to know about. Thank

heavens most people don't believe in it, otherwise the job of those of us who use it would be twice as hard."

A little later, after working the Arcane Invisibility Ritual, Doris sat quietly in her room. Although her physical body was there, her five senses had drifted across the street, unseen, into Mrs. Grundy's living room. Undetected, Doris looked round.

Mrs. Valk—the woman Sam had called "Mrs. Whatsit"—and her 18-year-old daughter Flo were also in the room. The straw-haired girl sat sullenly staring at the wall.

"Little bitch hasn't a clue who the father is," Mrs. Valk said viciously. "Could be one of a dozen of the layabouts. All s.o.b.'s, all useless, not a penny to rub together. Only interested in one thing—and Flo knows what that is."

Mrs. Grundy grinned evilly.

"Well, that's dirty water under the bridge, in a manner of speaking, ain't it?" she said. "So we'll get Flo married off to Sam, like we said. You'd like that, wouldn't you, dearie? Good job, got a car, good prospects, and I bet his Mum's got a dollar or two tucked away from her insurance."

Flo glanced at Mrs. Grundy and scowled.

"Could do worse, I s'pose," she said unrepentantly. "But he hates my guts. I bet he's no good in bed, either, though he's never been near me so I could find out. How would we get him to marry me?"

"Easy," Mrs. Grundy said. "Say he's the father of that little bastard you're carrying. One thing I'll give Doris and her boy, they've got principles, and if Doris thinks her son did you wrong, she'll see he makes an honest woman of you, even if she has to drag him to the altar. That'd break her heart, wouldn't it? Our Flo and her Sam . . . what a lovely pair. And the baby coming soon. I can just see the three of you, and Grandma Doris crying her eyes out every night because her son threw himself away on a trollop like you—and I can't really say I'd blame her."

Doris listened in mounting fury. So they were going to accuse her son of having relations with this loose little minx. Doris was glad she was only there in spirit: if she'd been there physically, she would have killed someone.

"Here's what we do," Mrs. Grundy said, cheerfully ignoring Flo's protests at her insults. "You, Flo, are going to call up Doris and break the news to her. Be all tearful like, and tell her you're sorry to give her such sad news, but Sam won't speak up like a man and accept his responsibilities, so you've had to tell her, for the sake of the little one. Lay it on heavy and thick. You can do that, can't you, dearie?"

"But he'll deny it," Flo protested. "I can do the story bit, easy, but Sam'll just say it wasn't him. Which it wasn't, though I wouldn't of minded if it had been."

"That's where we come in, love," Mrs. Grundy said. "Your Mum and me are going to say we saw you two at it, in the field out back about six weeks ago. We kept quiet, hoping everything would be all right, but it wasn't. You fell an innocent victim to his manly lust, and now he's got to pay. It'll be his word against the three of us, so what can he do? Let's see, we'll say it was a Tuesday—that's the evening he always goes for a walk by himself, so he won't have an alibi. Flo, me girl, we've got a lovely husband coming to you. Oh, I do hope the baby looks like him."

Doris had heard enough. She left as invisibly as she'd arrived. Without telling Sam how she found out, she told him what her neighbors were plotting. He was horrified and wanted to go and have it out with them on the spot. Doris persuaded him to keep silent.

"Leave this to your old Mum," she said. "I'll handle them."

Next day, before she picked up the telephone, Doris knew who was calling.

"Hullo? Is that Mrs. T.? This is Flo . . . Flo Valk . . ."

Doris broke in on the girl.

"Before you go on, Flo, just listen to me for a moment," Doris said grimly. "You might change your mind about what you're going to say to me."

And Doris went on to tell Flo, almost word for word, what Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Valk and the girl had been hatching the previous day.

"And, young lady, I've got witnesses to back me up," Doris concluded. "Now, what did you call me for?"

She heard only a broken sob and a gasp of fear as Flo hurriedly hung up on her.

"That fixed her hash," Doris said. "Mind you, I didn't tell her my witnesses were Cosmic Beings, and that I might have had problems getting them to testify.

"But I didn't hear another word from that crew. Young Flo

married a no-good boy three weeks later, had a miscarriage a month after, and had the marriage annulled. No one gets away with much if they try to cross someone who knows Magic."

THE GENUINE BAD-LUCK-BANISHING RITUAL

Work this Ritual when your life is at its worst. Zeffar gladly accepts the challenge of banishing misery caused by heavy ill-luck vibrations.

He is less keen on changing your life if you are merely seeking to improve your luck. Instead, use the Overwhelming Good-Luck-Is-Mine Ritual (page 146). And if your misfortunes are being caused by hexing or Black Magic, use the Titanic Enemies-Vanquished Ritual, (page 158).

1. Arcane Admitting Password: ZEBURIAL (pronounced "Zay-Boor-Ee-Ale," emphasis on second syllable).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to banish my bad luck."
3. Planets Represented: Jupiter and Moon.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: ZEFFAR (pronounced "Zay-Far," emphasis on second syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to totally banish my bad luck and replace it with harmony and happiness. In particular, I wish to banish ....." (say exactly what influences you wish to have taken away).
6. Avatar Mantrum: ZOO-RAY-ALE.
7. Best Time of Working: Thursday, any hour.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 2.

How Unlucky Viola K.'s Sad Existence Changed to Luxury, Love and Ecstasy by Performing the Genuine Bad-Luck-Banishing Ritual

Viola K. figured she was born under an evil star. Nothing else could explain the stream of ill-luck which had dogged her throughout her life.

"If there was trouble around, it flew straight to me," she said. "I tried to be cheerful and optimistic and laugh off my calamities, but eventually they broke my spirit. I became morose and suspicious,

wondering each day what degradation and catastrophes a malignant world would pile on me."

Viola's bad luck started early in her life. Her father died in a flashflood before Viola was a year old. Her mother was pregnant at the time and had already produced nine children.

So Viola grew up in grinding poverty. At the age of 15 she was raped by a drunk, and the resulting illegitimate child added to the strain on their meager resources.

"That interrupted my education, and I could never get a job with even a chance of advancement," Viola said. "We kids supported Mom, but eventually most of us married, or died—like my two brothers who lost their lives in a car accident just when they'd started earning good money.

"Soon there was just Mom, me and my baby Juanita. Even though I never knew her father, I loved the kid dearly."

Viola and her mother fought to keep a roof over their heads and to care for little Juanita.

"We had saved a little money, and we took Juanita to a resort," Viola said. "We rented a small boat and went out on the river. A freak wave from a passing cruiser swamped our little boat, and the three of us were thrown into the water."

Viola struggled ashore, more dead than alive. In the turmoil of churning water, her mother and her child had disappeared. The sullen gray waters surrendered the bodies downstream the following day.

"That about finished me," Viola said. "I considered suicide, and rejected it. From fear, I think: if fate could hit me so hard in this world, what might it do to me in the next?

"I'd totally lost faith in life. Emotionally, I was dead, too."

It was at that nadir of melancholy when Viola met her rescuer, although she failed to recognize him at the time.

"I was trudging blindly through a city—I didn't even know what city until later," Viola related. "Someone took me by the arm and guided me into a restaurant. I hadn't eaten for three days. I must have looked a total mess: unwashed, wearing clothes I'd slept in wherever I happened to be when exhaustion overcame me. It was high summer or I'd have died of exposure.

"Food appeared in front of me. My companion had provided it. I don't even know if it was a man or a woman. I suddenly found I was alone again, looking into an empty coffee cup, with a memory of

encouraging words. Clutched in my grimy fingers was a small book. I scanned it, looking for some clue to who my benefactor was. Tucked inside were ten $20 bills and a note which said: "There's plenty more for you if you follow the instructions in my book". I found the food bill had been paid when I stood up to leave, but the cashier could not recall who had paid it."

Whatever the stranger had said to Viola, it had awakened a spark of hope in her heart. She used some of her $200 windfall to buy a cheap coat, dress and shoes. She found a small, clean room in a quiet hotel, and moved in.

"That wasn't hard," she recalled. "I had only what I stood up in."

Next day, fired by she knew not what impulse, Viola performed the Genuine Bad-Luck-Banishing Ritual which was in the book the stranger had given her.

"First good luck: I found a job as a waitress," Viola said. "Second good luck: the husband-and-wife owners of my hotel took a shine to me and let me have my room for free in exchange for light duties during my spare time. Third good luck: a girl skipped from the hotel and left all her clothes. After a while, the manager gave them to me. Fourth good luck: I got a better job, with free training, in a cosmetic store."

Gradually, Viola was coming back to life. The deep sorrow lines left her face, and she began to smile.

"Then the Ritual showed me it had only been waiting until I was ready before it really started to work," Viola said. "I met this dream of a man who came to stay at the hotel. He was everything a girl could ask for: handsome, tall, witty . . . and rich as well.

"With my previous luck I figured either I'd find he had a wife somewhere, or he'd be on the run from the police, or he'd be suffering from terminal cancer or some other dire illness. But no—he was free, and he was mine. He took me around the city, showed me a life I'd only seen on TV: gourmet foods in restaurants where the discreet service was a dream come true; visits to theaters, where we sat in loges holding hands; drives in his Cadillac up into the mountains at sunset. He taught me to live again. Skiing, skating, sailing, flying, cruising. He was independently wealthy and had the time and money to indulge. Then, inevitably, he asked me to share it all with him."

Viola's wedding was written up in the society papers. Her honeymoon on a world cruise was one long vacation of sunny days and ecstatic

nights. The home she has in Long Beach, California is only one of several mansions her husband maintains.

"And each one more wonderful than the next," Viola said. "The Texas home was written up in 'House and Garden' recently.

"Very soon we'll have babies to love—twins, the doctor says. My man cares for me as if I'm made of fragile porcelain, yet I'm free to do anything I please. It almost makes that grim life before worthwhile, if I had to go through it to reach this perfection."

THE MYSTERIOUS ENEMY-REPULSION RITUAL

Turmiel is an adept at turning away the turmoil caused by enemies. You should be able to name them, and be sure they are actually attacking you. This Ritual will protect you from their negative actions. If you wish to hurt them, use the Titanic Enemies-Vanquished Ritual, page 158.

1. Arcane Admitting Password: TISHBASH (pronounced as spelled).
2. The Purpose of Your Call: "My purpose is to hurl my enemies from me."
3. Planets Represented: Mars and Neptune.
4. Name of Cosmic Being: TURMIEL (pronounced "Tour-Me-Ale," emphasis on first syllable).
5. What You Wish to Achieve: "I wish to protect myself from . . . . . (name your enemy or enemies) and send confusion and pain."
6. Avatar Mantrum: TAR-SHE-SHEEM.
7. Best Time of Working: Saturday, midnight, at New Moon.
8. Mystic Talisman: No. 7.

He Got What He Wanted After He Had Banished His Swindling Opponents With the Mysterious Enemy-Repulsion Ritual

Life as a self-employed mechanic was difficult enough for Jeff K. without having extra obstacles placed in his way. He'd been wondering why business had been going down, and his bank balance with it.

"I made a few quiet enquiries and found that two guys who'd opened a service bay on the next block seemed to have taken over many

of my regular customers," Jeff said. "If it was fair competition, that was O.K. by me. But I had more than half a hunch some dirty work was going on at the crossroads."

Jeff became an amateur private eye for a while, with himself as his client. He had ample time on his hands to investigate what was going on: a valve job on a Mustang and a couple of other routine servicings were all that came his way in the space of a week.

"I met one of my ex-regulars who owned an English sports car," Jeff said. "After a couple of beers together, I casually asked him if he'd sold his car, because I hadn't had it through my hands lately.

"He was kind of embarrassed, but in the end he said that he was now taking it to my two rivals. When I asked him why he had left me, he suddenly opened up and said he hadn't been satisfied with the last overhaul I'd done for him. I said he should have spoken up and brought it back: I'd have gladly fixed anything for nothing if I'd done a bad job."

The story gradually came out. Jeff's rivals had been offering a "free electronic check-over" with a full mechanic's report. In the case of Jeff's ex-client, the report had suggested that extensive work was needed.

"The two guys said they would do most of it for nothing because whoever had worked on my car previously had done a very poor job," the man said. "They told me they were only interested in giving the auto servicing business a better name, so if it cost them money to correct errors some other mechanic had made, it was only right and fair for the client."

Jeff knew that his work was good, and he loved sports cars.

"I went to my workshop and wheeled out an old Buick which I'd brought up to like-new performance," he said. "I had a friend take the Buick to my rivals for a check-over."

The report which came back said that oil pressure was low, wheels were out of alinement, the steering was about to break, valve seatings were burned and the carb needed a full overhaul. The two mechanics had offered to do the work for "less than fifty bucks" because the maladjustments were the fault of a previous service mechanic.

"Sure they could do the work for next to nothing," Jeff said. "The faults they were reporting didn't exist, so they could park the car for a couple of days, then turn it back to the owner with the bill, telling him it was fixed."

Despite this knowledge, Jeff still had problems. It would be difficult to expose the two swindlers without collecting suspicions that

Jeff was merely being negative because he was losing business to the competition.

"Auto servicing is battling to keep its nose clean all the time, and with labor so expensive, customers often think they're being taken," Jeff said. "And I knew if I threw any mud at my rivals, some of it would stick to me.

"So I struggled on, hoping things would change. They did—they got worse."

Jeff was having trouble meeting his rent and living expenses. Occasionally he passed the rival mechanics in the street. They looked well fed and prosperous, as well they might with most of Jeff's trade in their pockets as a result of their swindling scheme.

The time came when Jeff was faced with closing down. By then he was mortgaged to the hilt, creditors were bugging him, and business was getting poorer and poorer.

"My girlfriend, a strange and kooky lady whom I love dearly, finally convinced me I should try using Magic to straighten things out," Jeff said. "That was right out of the story books. I knew that if you put a wrench here, and push there, you get the right nut loose. But saying words and waving my arms around seemed to be symptoms of having another kind of nut loose, and I just didn't see it having any effect on my rivals a block away. Now, if she'd suggested a stick of dynamite, I'd have agreed . . . but when she finally persuaded me to give Magic a chance, it did better than dynamite."

Jeff worked the Mysterious Enemy-Repulsion Ritual. He found it simpler than setting up the ignition on an auto.

"After the dust settled, my girlfriend said I struck it lucky," Jeff said. "Sometimes it takes a while for Magic to work. My Ritual gave me overnight results."

Jeff later pieced together the catastrophe which overtook his swindling rivals. Their first job the day after Jeff worked the Ritual was a routine tune-up on a Chevy. As one mechanic leaned under the hood the fan-belt snapped, painfully gashing his face. He staggered back and knocked over an acetylene cylinder beside his colleague, who was just firing up a welding torch. The gas bottle exploded with a thunderous roar, hurling jagged metal in all directions.

"They were lucky. They only sustained painful wounds," Jeff said. "But a piece of flying metal cut open the gas tank of the auto, and it promptly burst into flames.

"Before the fire-trucks arrived, the place was almost destroyed,

with the two dazed and bleeding mechanics desperately trying to save bits of equipment. When they were released from the hospital, they decided their place was jinxed and found a business on the other side of the city."

Jeff never saw the crooked mechanics again, but he sent them an anonymous letter, revealing to them the fact that their swindling had been detected.

"Meanwhile, I got all my regulars back, plus the clientele they'd been handling," Jeff said. "I had to expand, take on an assistant, and trade spiraled upward. Then an oil company bought me out, I went on to bigger and better things, and I'm still climbing, with cash in the bank and everything I need to keep me happy—including being married to my kooky lady who showed me the Mysterious Enemy-Repulsion Ritual."

It's your turn now: read the final Secret Key in this Grimoire and learn how you can accomplish exactly what you desire, as did the people you have been reading about, sustained by the glorious benefits of Magic.

Secret Key IV: CAPITALIZING ON MAGIC

Your Personal Program of Magic Working to Produce Your Wonderful Horn of Plenty

The details of secret Magic Working which have been presented to you are based on years of careful research. You now have all you need so that you too can bring perfection to every aspect of your life—easily, accurately and automatically.

Such a feast of Magic has maybe left you wondering where to begin. So follow the suggestions in this Secret Key, and make yourself over into a rich, harmonious, happy, powerful and satisfied being.

She Found a Rich Husband and Soared to Fame in Her Chosen Career With the Powerful Take-Me-To-The-Top Ritual

If you read newspapers, you'll know about Winnifred. (That's not her real name: she refused to have it revealed. As she said, good Magic Workers keep their paths a secret). She's the unknown who shot to the forefront of fashion designing a few years ago. Her swelling fortune is legendary among the opulent jet-setters, and the parties she throws in Cannes, in Greece, in Florida and in California are no-expense-spared functions which are the envy of her colleagues.

Word has it that her secret bank accounts in Switzerland have more than $70,000,000 in them. The sparkling diamonds which adorn her hands are personally selected from the De Beer mines in Kimberley.

Her life is one long whirl of gaiety and richness, with occasional quiet sojourns in the Himalayas, where Winnifred retires from the rush and glitter to relax and unwind, before plunging back into the world which is her oyster, and which she loves so much.

Winnifred has little to say about her early life. Not because she's ashamed of her humble beginnings, but because it's a chapter in her life she will never see again.

"I believe each day we should close a door on the past," she said in a recent interview with an international magazine. "What happened yesterday can only hurt us as long as we keep it alive in our memories. It's over, done with, and cannot touch us. What happens to us in the

future depends very much on what we're doing in the here and now, and if we're constantly brooding about past mistakes and misfortunes, carrying grudges against people and conditions which are in the past, we only impede our own pursuit of happiness."

Winnifred's past contains a broken home, an alcoholic father, a disastrous fire which destroyed her first attempt to start a design studio, a divorce from a brutal husband, and the tragic loss of her sister in a plane crash. She's also known extreme poverty, dirt, squalor, and the oppression of invading armies who overran her homeland in World War II. And a story which has never been denied states that she was raped by seventeen soldiers when she was 16, developed pneumonia and almost died while giving birth to a monster which was stillborn.

"On that road of despair, I once tried suicide," Winnifred said. "I'm glad now that I failed."

If you get Winnifred in a confidential mood, in between her appointments and the social demands of European royalty and the rich, she might tell you how she transformed her life.

"I had Cosmic Beings help me," she said. "I wasn't making too great a job of getting ahead, so I figured I'd better call for aid. I learned the Powerful Take-Me-To-The-Top Ritual from a holy man from India who traveled North America, and it seemed to be the key to taking me over a number of major obstacles."

Winnifred was working in New York at the time. For a second time, she had struggled to create a design studio. Her ideas in fashions were being carried out by two seamstresses, but clients were slow in coming.

"I knew I had the talent," Winnifred said. "All I needed was recognition . . . and some money to pay my girls."

She performed the Ritual, and waited for miracles. She didn't wait in vain.

"I knew, of course, that the Cosmic Beings welcome cooperation and can make things happen much quicker when the Magic Worker takes an active part in the miracles," she said. "I could have sat in my studio and waited for things to happen. Instead, while I was waiting for my Cosmic commands to be carried out, I entered some designs of mine in a fashion contest.

"I also called up some top buyers who had previously refused to bother with me. I went along to exhibitions given by my competitors, to place myself in the right environment and frame of mind."

Between her efforts and the work of the Cosmic Beings, Winnifred found success in short order.

"I won that contest," Winnifred said. "One of Europe's first ladies began to wear my creations. The news spread, and other influential people began to flock to me. I was soon able to pick and choose my clients and charge prices which would have been outrageous for me only weeks before. I could pick and choose men, too, and I found my ideal partner in Vermont. Rich, loving, stimulating and understanding—our union is the envy of others.

"Soon after I met him we were traveling the world, showing my creations. Then, one beautiful spring day in London, England, I opened the papers and found I'd been named the world's leading fashion designer. The thrill was just out of this world."

Yet another triumph for Magic in transforming lives. Maybe it's your turn to reach a pinnacle of success and acclaim in your chosen field.

Decide on the Miracle You Need First

Sit back a moment. What is it right now which worries, frustrates or aggravates you the most? Lack of money? An unsatisfying relationship? Your own ill-health? Your general bad luck? An irritating enemy? Some or all of those, or something else?

You will find that your best course by far is to first get rid of whatever you find yourself dwelling on when you are down. Once you have identified your problem, flick through these pages until you find the Spell or Ritual you need.

Here somewhere is the Magic which can easily dispose of that worry or irritation. Apply that Magic, and see your major problem vanish into limbo.

How Unattractive Joseph W. Became the Lover of an Adoring Beauty After Applying the Occult Seduction Spell

Joseph W. is unlikely to win the male Adonis contest in his home state of Idaho. Average sized, bespectacled, balding, Joseph has never been a man to have the ladies falling at his feet.

"I got kinda used to running in the backfield in the romance stakes," he said. "More forceful guys, with outgoing personalities and handsome faces had no problems cutting me out.

"I had to accept it, but I never got to like it."

Then Miranda came on the scene. Joseph was knocked for a loop by this sophisticated, warm creature with her green eyes and dimples.

"Slim, with a figure to make a statue turn its head, a voice like crushed velvet and a personality which had every male between 9 and 90 trying to date her," Joseph said. "I was at the end of a line of hundreds, with nothing going for me except a deep and regarding affection for this paragon of beauty."

One evening, Joseph was delighted to see his dream girl at a wedding reception, but try as he might, the nearest he came to furthering his romance was to dance once with her.

"She was pleasant, but cool toward me," he said. "Could I blame her? She had twenty handsome guys clamoring for her attention, every last one of them with more to offer her than I."

Joseph's only memento of the evening was a long blonde hair he found on his shoulder after his one dance. He treasured that strand of gold and kept it under his pillow.

"I was certainly in a bad way over her," he said. "I tried telephoning and got no place. I was off my feed, and moody like a wet hen.

"Even my old aunt noticed it. She's a spry old reprobate, and one day she sat me down in her chintzy living room. 'When all else fails, use a little Magic', she said. 'If you're quite sure you want that young lady in the worst possible way, try this Spell'.

"She loaned me an old, musty book, showing me the simple Occult Seduction Spell."

Joseph worked the Spell, and hoped. Next day he called his lady-love, to give the Spell a chance to do its work.

"As soon as she spoke on the phone I heard something different in her voice," Joseph said. "I hesitatingly suggested a date, and at once she said she was free and would be ready at 7 p.m.

"I was in a candy-striped haze of delight, and I stayed that way all through the evening as we wined, dined, danced like honeymooners and relaxed at a club. But all good things come to an end . . . or so I thought, but we hadn't even started yet. I took her back to her apartment . . . and she invited me to stay for a nightcap."

Joseph refuses to go into detail about what went on after the two of them were alone in her apartment. Joseph left when the sun was peeping over the hills, and he wasn't sure if the birds singing were outside or in his head.

"That was 183 nights ago," Joseph said. "I've kept careful count. That's about six months, but it feels like six years of ecstasy since I worked the Occult Seduction Spell. She never glances at another guy, and you'd think I was the only man on earth.

"I still don't believe it, but it's true."

Next, Dispose of Minor Irritations Which Prevent You Enjoying Life to the Full

Obviously, if you are suffering from the opinions of others, or you find some other negative factor is holding you back from enjoying life, you need to alter that condition before proceeding further. You understand that even a roomful of gold coins will not be enough to bring you total happiness if there are other aspects of your life which need changing.

Feelings of self-confidence, the sparkle of a bright intelligent mind and the surge and spring of a youthful body are just as important as surplus cash.

So work some of these incredible Spells and Rituals to bring yourself health, virility, quickness of brain and attractiveness. Vanquish your enemies with a quick blast of Magic.

Then move in on bringing cash flooding to you in a golden shower which will make an oil magnate green with envy.

That's probably one of the most important thoughts in these pages: acquire health, self-assurance, good luck, and then add money to make your life perfect, satisfying and fulfilling.

The Delightful Tell-Me-My-Powers Ritual Uncovered Her Inner Talents Which Earned Her a Fortune

Three hours work brings Olive F. five thousand dollars and up. And her occupation is more of a recreation than work.

"I paint landscapes in oils," Olive said. "I love doing them. The copious flow of money which comes is almost a bonus—but of course I know how to spend it and have fun . . . and I have abundant leisure to indulge myself."

And Olive might never have known she could paint and make a fortune if she hadn't used Magic.

"Just an ordinary housewife, with kids to raise, a home to care for, an occasional part-time job as a shop assistant when money was tight," she said. "That was me. I was vaguely dissatisfied with life, and everything was hurry, hurry, hurry for a while. My husband traveled a good deal in his work, then as the children grew up, I found I had long, lonely hours on my hands.

"I read books until my eyes nearly fell out. I tried needlepoint, knitting, puzzles, jigsaws, solitaire . . . and I was frankly bored. We couldn't afford for me to go to night classes—the babysitting fees and the tuition would have overburdened our tight budget."

During her reading, Olive discovered Ritual Magic.

"It was interesting. I didn't want to get into it as a way of life, or a longterm pursuit, but I found it fun to experiment with," she said. "In one library book I found the Delightful Tell-Me-My-Powers Ritual. That was just what I wanted to know, so I spent a fascinating couple of evenings working the Ritual."

Olive wasn't too hopeful of any results, but she went about her business for the next few days with an alert, open mind to see what would come her way.

"The next time I was in the city I noticed a new store had opened," she said. "It sold art materials. More from inquisitiveness than anything else, I browsed around. The smell of the oils, the texture of the canvases and the bright colors touched a chord in my mind.

"I had a few dollars of my own I was saving for a new coat. I told myself my old coat would do for a while, and I left the store an hour later with an exciting parcel of goodies the artist-owner had said would give me a start in oil-painting."

No more lonely hours for Olive. She could hardly wait to get her household chores done so that she was free to get to her canvases.

"Not surprisingly, my first efforts were disasters," she smiled, "but I found a deep satisfaction in the work. I picked up techniques without any help, and soon I was making passable efforts at painting things I saw from my window, and copying vacation photographs and scenic postcards. Then I started painting imaginary landscapes, with lions and tigers roaming through luxuriant forests. It was fun."

Apprehensively, Olive took some of her works to a church bazaar. To her surprise, they were quickly snapped up by eager buyers who liked the bright colors and primitive technique.

"Fame came automatically. An art connoisseur happened to see one of my canvases in a friend's home," Olive said. "I was soon flooded with orders, so I raised the prices to turn people away. They kept a-coming. I heard that one of my earlier paintings had fetched $1,000 at an auction, so up went my prices again."

Olive has much more time with her husband now. He has become her agent, negotiating her sales. Olive and her family have moved into a superb home, filled with everything they need, and Olive often paints from the deck of their cabin cruiser as they tour the coastlines in the sun.

"And I might never have made it," Olive said, "if I hadn't worked the Delightful Tell-Me-My-Powers Ritual."

When You are Ready for it, Make Money by the Truckload

Think about the details before you work your Magic. If you are calling up a luxurious car with stereo, bar and telephone, do you have somewhere to keep it? Maybe you'd better get yourself a new ranch-style home on its own parkland first.

All planned? All ready to let Magic take you to that peak of the mountain of money, satisfaction and ecstasy you're yearning for? So what are you waiting for? Take the Spell or Ritual you fancy and go to it!

How Yvonne J. Won Vast Sums at Reno by Applying the Amazing Roulette-Certainty Spell

If you ever drive to Lake Tahoe, California and stand on the viewpoint above the main highway, looking over the deep blue of the lake, you're also viewing Yvonne J.'s palatial home. And if it hadn't been bulldozed to be replaced by an office block, quite a few miles south-west you could have found a squalid shanty which used to be her home, before she discovered the powers of Magic.

Yvonne is not proud of her early life. Born into a large family, hunger and want were her constant companions. Running wild in the dusty streets, she grew to adolescence as a scrawny, tangle-haired waif. By the time she was 14 she was making a few dollars as a prostitute.

"Hopeless and suffering, I was trapped by circumstances," she said. "I'd never learned about keeping myself tidy. The sort of men I obliged weren't worried about that: tidy or not, I had what they craved, and it would have been bearable if that was all they asked for. Some of the perverted acts I was forced to submit to make me cringe, even today.

"I became a vicious frightened animal, scared of people, willing to steal, fight and do anything at all for a crust to keep from starving."

Her family died, some of malnutrition, others by violence. Yvonne found herself totally alone in the world. She was a pathetic, bitter girl by the time she was 20 years old.

"I was traveling the roads," she said. "Riding with truck drivers mostly, depending on their charity or accepting food and shelter in exchange for my young body.

"Rain or shine, life was a sad battle to live from one gray dawn to the next."

Into that cheerless existence strode the healing powers of Magic. In Los Angeles a group of hippies took Yvonne into their dirty communal house.

"I was too frightened of the world and embittered by my experiences to respond to their attempts to be kind," she said. "I was like a timid animal, secretive and withdrawn."

One night, Yvonne found herself watching the group of long-haired hippies experimenting with the occult.

"Despite my fears, I edged into the group," she said. "A tall curly-haired man was talking about Spells. He had deep brown eyes behind thick glasses, and although I didn't speak to him, I felt a kind of peace creeping over me. It was a new, wonderful feeling."

Yvonne sat on the floor, silent, until the last member of the group had left or fallen asleep in the arms of a partner in the smoky room. Yvonne noticed that the visitor had left some papers behind, and her animal curiosity was aroused.

"I stole the papers, and when dawn brought light to the room, I found they were about the Amazing Roulette-Certainty Spell," she said. "It seemed complicated at first, but after a while I figured out my Lucky Numbers. I recall thinking I could use a little luck at the time."

A week later Yvonne was in Reno, heading east. On impulse, she took the Spell papers from her purse and walked into one of the gambling halls. A generous companion of the night had paid her well for sharing his bed at a motel, and Yvonne bought a small pile of chips.

"I followed the instructions," Yvonne said, and "although I didn't win on every bet I made, my pile of chips grew larger. By late afternoon I had a crowd round me. I must have been a strange sight: untidy, torn, stained jeans and blouse, with about $2,000 in chips in front of me."

That was the turning point for Yvonne. She cashed her chips, went out and bought new clothes, had her hair fixed, took a room at a good hotel and ate "the best meal I can ever recall."

Next day she took the Spell to another table. Same result, and more cash.

"For a full month I practically lived at the tables. I relaxed and became happy and free," she said. "I opened a bank account, and soon had many thousands of dollars salted away. Young men started dating me, calling me their lucky charmer. And one of the most satisfying pleasures I had was knowing I could say no to men I didn't like, because I didn't need a dime from them any more."

Today you can still occasionally see Yvonne at the tables.

"I met a rich financier," she said. "We fell in love, married, and moved into this palace of a home at Tahoe. Now I'm luxuriating in a bonanza of posessions. I drive my own sports car, my closet is crammed with Paris clothes. My husband is the most loving and attentive man any woman could ever wish for, and we're often flying to the luxury spots of the world for vacations.

"And just for kicks, I sometimes take the Amazing Roulette-Certainty Spell to the tables, just to see if it still works. It always does!"

Do What Thou Wilt, If It Harm None

You're all set now. Think how your life is about to be transformed, with the help of Cosmic Beings who are waiting to serve you, who know what you need almost before you ask. Nothing can stand in your way.

So move on up the ladder to wealth, health, supreme happiness, power, love and success, using the magnificent Powers of Magic.

I've given you the key: open the door and take what you desire.

So mote it be.